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WON AND LOST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ALICE CARY.

Stop! we will sit upon this moss,
Green, mixed with red and sober brown:
A dying willow lay across
Our path, and silent, we sat down.

Though all above was blue and bright,
A storm was coming round the wood,
And clouds, and stars, and orange light,
And tree-tops massed together stood.

All things interpreted my love,
And feeling that could never die,
I said how hard the woodland strove
To burn its splendors on the sky.

I said the violets at our feet
Were doubled by the sunlit stream,
And that whatever this or that were sweet,
Were doubled by a lovelit dream.

I said the world so bright and wide
Were nothing from her smile apart;
In pity of herself she sighed
That she believed me—sweetest heart!

On came the frowning storm apace,
The winds, like souls forsaken, cried;
I hid the darkness from her face—
One field to cross, and I her guide!

One field, and home in sight, the while;
She tried to frown sincerest blame,
But the dear spirit of a smile
Shone in forgiveness all the same.

I said, made bold by vantage thus,
What e'er we sowed was justly ours—
That one great law was ever us
Whether we planted love or flowers.

By that great law the rose that grew
Upon her cheek belonged to me;
To know it and be generous, too,
Was more than I was born to be.

Her half-affronted face she bowed
Close to my arms in bashful pain;
God help me that I called her proud,
And turned her wet eyes to the rain!

God help me! in perverse unrest
I swept her modest love away,
As all had been a playful jest,
And we were back with yesterday.

She stood erect in white surprise,
Her sweet mouth shutting in its scoff,
And the quick lightnings of her eyes
Feeling my late indifference off.

Had mine been all the treasures drowned
In the great bottom of the sea,
Their proffer could not have discrowned
Her forehead of its hate for me.

We parted. I thenceforth to woo
And win with all unblushful art,
And she to judge men coldly through
Her intellect, and not her heart.

Original Novelet.

THE LOST OF THE WILDERNESS;

A Tale of New England Before the Pilgrims

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

THE DEATH OF OUTESIE.

On the same evening that Luxerne, his sister, and the Abbe Cloude ascended the mountain of Wachusett, and beheld the sun set from its summit, another scene of glory was visible some score of miles to the south. The declining sun was spreading a gauze of fire over the broad waters of Massachusetts Bay, and along the margin of her golden sands a myriad of rippling waves were breaking brightly and quietly, glittering in the western light like dissolving shells of pearl.

And upon the tree-tops, fringing each leaf with a hem of brilliant rays, and slanting through the thick, green branches, and quivering amid the tall spires of grass, and glistening on the crimson samach, a shower of silvery light fell down upon the land.

All was quiet and beautiful—the silence and loveliness of forests and waters; the one untrodden save by the moccasined Indian—the other untroubled but by his birchen canoe. This was the home of the red man, ere the pale faces came to his cabin, and ploughed his hunting-grounds, and cut down the primeval woods that sheltered him.

The water of the bay was like a glorious mirror, so tranquil it lay beneath the clear heaven it reflected. The long shadows stole from its hundred isles, and the soft sea-breeze scarcely stirred its surface. All things breathed the holy quiet of a summer evening in the wilderness.

And yet life was there—life and beauty were there. Beneath the spreading boughs of a stalwart oak, that stretched its ponderous arms towards the shore, sat a young Indian mother, while her child rocked in a birchen cradle that depended from a branch of the oak. She was weaving a chain of wampum, and crooning to herself, in a low-toned musical voice, some plaintive ditty of her native tribe. At times her soft, dark eyes fell, with a glance of love, upon her slumbering infant, and then, with a smile, were directed afar to the distant hill-tops, their glance following the course of a narrow hunting-path, which led from the sea-shore through the dense forest. By that path Outesie knew that her husband, a brave Pequod hunter, would seek his cabin at the sunset hour, and her heart beat in glad anticipation; for the young mother was proud and fond of the father of her babe, even as are the daughters of civilization, with paler blood in their veins.

As Outesie thus sat, with the golden beams of the retiring sun playing over her calm features, a boat appeared upon the waters of the bay, gradually approaching the land. Stealing onward, the shadow of the high beach rocks, it drew noiselessly nearer and nearer to the bank upon which sat the Indian mother. She saw it not, as it crept near the narrow strip of land that separated the water from her sylvan seat; she heard not the silent dip of the muffled oars. For the eyes and heart of Outesie at this time were fixed upon another object, just visible afar off, through an opening in the forest. She saw the tall form of a man parting the leafy solitude, and knew that it was her husband—the stay of her heart; a stately chieftain with plumed head and wampum-decked breast, returning from the chase. He held his bow in his hand, and rapidly descended the wooded hill, whilst the loving eyes of his wife eagerly watched his coming.

But the boat which lately entered the waters of the bay had now rounded the nearest point, and her keel struck the sands of the shore. The Indian mother stood near the oak tree, her gaze fixed upon the advancing chieftain, and she heard not the approach of strangers, till a rough hand was laid upon her shrinking shoulders. She turned quickly, and beheld two beings with white faces, and in singular garb, standing close beside her. At once all that the simple child of nature had heard concerning spirits of evil threatening mortal existence, flashed over her mind. But she thought not of self—her first emotion was apprehension for her sleeping child; and with a shriek, she darted to the oak-tree, and snatched from its waving bough, the birchen cradle in which her babe reposed.

The Pequod chieftain heard the shriek of his wife, and at the same time his wandering gaze fell upon the strangers who were pursuing her. No fear of evil spirits palsied the Indian's limbs, for he knew that the intruders were men of that pale race which in other portions of the land had already marked its advent with violence and blood. He fitted an arrow to his bow, and bounding down the mountain path, gained the oak tree, where had sunk insensible his terrified wife. The white men beheld the stalwart form of the Indian dashing toward them, and turning quickly, they regained their boat, and pushed away from the beach.

The chieftain pursued them not, for his first care was to raise the fainting Outesie, and hush the terror of the babe, now awake and uttering loud cries. Meanwhile the boat, which contained perhaps a dozen men, had reached the clear water at some distance from the shore, and there its crew, resting upon their oars, surveyed the movements of the red man.

Outesie's dove-like eyes soon opened beneath her husband's caresses, and she clung tremblingly to his bosom, as her gaze wandered shoreward, and beheld the white spirits of her fear.

"Outesie—my wild bird—they are gone! It is I—it is Mattakan who embraces thee."

Outesie stretched forth her arms for the child, and pressing it to her heart, soothed its plaintive cries. The twilight was now falling, and Mattakan and his wife had several miles to walk to their own lodge, for the oak tree was but a trysting-place where Outesie was wont to meet her chieftain, as he returned laden with small game from the forest hunt. At the present time, Mattakan's belt of wampum held several birds and rabbits pierced by his unerring shaft.

Suddenly, however, as the chieftain turned to enter, with Outesie, the forest depth, and give the alarm to the village that strangers were upon their waters, a loud report, that sounded in the Indian's ears, like thunder, caused him to turn his head. At the same moment, a bullet whistled past, and striking the oak tree, splintered the bark in fragments at his feet. Mattakan, appalled at the strange power which had performed this feat, stood for a moment silently clasping the hand of Outesie, then hurriedly led her toward the forest path. Another moment, and his form would be lost in the shadows of the great trees. Outesie, with beating heart, folded her babe in her arms, and followed her husband.

But again that loud report startled the echoes, and this time it was mingled with the dying shriek of Outesie. A bullet from the white man's musket had pierced her loving heart. She staggered forward, and fell at the roots of the reverent oak, which had been her place of tryst, the babe still clasped to her heart.

Mattakan the hunter, felt his eyes grow dim, and his limbs tremble. He knelt beside his wife, he saw the life stream welling from the cruel wound in her bosom; he met her soft eyes upturned to his own, in a long, last look of affection; and then, as she sank upon the sward, Mattakan knew that his Outesie was no more. The leaden death of the pale strangers had robbed him of his beloved.

Then fury filled the soul of the Pequod chief. A fierce light burned in his eyes, and raising a wild peal of the war-whoop, he rushed to the water's edge, and fitting an arrow to his bow, launched it at the retreating boat. The shaft fell short of its mark, and a shrill laugh of triumphal scorn came from the white men. Then a discharge of muskets hurled a dozen bullets around the chieftain's form; but he heeded them not, though the plume was struck from his scalp-lock, and his wampum necklace was cut in twain by the missiles. Why should Mattakan now fear death? His heart was with his dead Outesie.

Slowly and sadly, the red man retraced his steps to the oak tree, while the white man's boat glided away into the misty waters of the bay. And when the last rays of day had fled from the scene, and the night shades drew heavily around, Mattakan stood beside a grave that he had scooped out in the sand beneath the oak tree.

In that grave the Pequod chieftain buried the body of his beloved Outesie. But first he knelt upon the sand beside his lost one, and severing a tress of her long black hair, placed it in his bosom, murmuring a few low words. The tress was wet with the blood of his murdered wife, and the words which Mattakan breathed, were a vow of vengeance upon the pale faces.

Then the Pequod grasped his bow, and wrapping the young child in a garment of its slain mother, pressed it to his heaving heart, and then departed into the wilderness. Many moons thereafter passed away, but Mattakan was seen no more upon the shores of the Massachusetts, and his voice resounded not in the wigwams of his tribe. Mattakan hunted no more upon the three hills of Shawmut.

And the small mound beneath the ancient oak, that marked the grave of Outesie began to crumble before the encroaching waves, and soon the waters encircled the oak itself.

But Mattakan, the Pequod came not, and none among his nation knew whither he had wandered.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NARRAGANSETT TRIUMPH.

Over the green hill sides, through deep woods, and across swollen rivers, journeyed a long line of dusky savages, each treading in the footsteps of the one who preceded him, as they tracked their way towards the declining sun. They were all hideously painted, and ornamented with the grotesque trappings of aboriginal vanity. Feathers, shells, and strings of wampum, mingled with the skins of snakes and teeth of wolves, were hung about their necks and bosoms, and in addition to these customary decorations, many wore trinkets of copper, and silver and golden crosses. It was evident, indeed, that they were returning home with the trophies of some recent victory; for, scattered among their under accoutrements, were torn and blood-stained articles of European clothing, fabrics of costly texture, fragments of gilded wood, and finely-wrought drinking vessels, which clinked together as the short, quick trot of the savages shook them from side to side.

The red men were merry; for strange sights had they witnessed, and great triumphs won. They had met the white stranger from beyond the waters, and beheld his "big canoe" shattered by the terrible breath of Hobbomocko, and seen how its great ribs were broken upon the rocks of the sea side. They had smitten the pale faces, as they gained the shore, and made their hands red with the blood of the white strangers. And now they journeyed homeward, with great joy, for many scalps of young and old danced before the eyes of the Narragansett warriors. Envious would be the tribes of the Massachusetts, when news of the bold deeds of the Narragansetts should reach their ears, as they sat amid the squaws in their wigwams.

Onward the war-party pursued its march, till at length the village of the tribe was neared, and the Narragansett hunting grounds stretched before the gaze of their returning owners. Whooping and yelling, the savage warriors quickened their pace, and tossed in the air the bloody poles on which were stretched a hundred gory scalps. And forth from the lodges and wigwams to greet them, came tramping the old men, and squaws, and children, leaping wildly about, and screeching like demons, a welcome to their victorious friends. O it was a horrible and unearthly scene to look upon, that demoniac welcome home! for distorted figures, naked and frightfully painted, danced beneath the old forest trees, in the light of blazing pine knots, which they whirled above their heads, and a chorus of terrific cries mingled with the beat of wooden drums, and blast of conch shells, frightening the wild beasts to their lairs by the more intense wildness of savage man. It was a joyous welcome, indeed, to the returning warriors, but a fearful greeting to their wretched captives, who tattered, scourged and fettered, marched in the midst of the whooping band. There were two prisoners; one youthful and fair, with delicate limbs, now, alas! all bleeding and bruised from blows and the hardships of travel, the other with white locks and reverend brow, alike bruised and wearied, but pressing bravely onward, his shackled hands folded meekly on his breast.

Vainly had Louis de Luxerne, for he it was who marched foremost of the Abbe Cloude, vainly during that fearful journey had he struggled for freedom—vainly prayed for death; the goading spears of his cruel captors urged him forward on the toilsome march, though his pinioned limbs had grown stiff with pain and fatigue. The aged priest, like himself, was half bowed to the ground under a load of trophies, which the Indians had compelled them to bear; but still the good Abbe, forgetful of self, whispered words of consolation in the young man's ear.

"Courage, my son!" whispered the old priest. "Marie, thy sweet sister, may still be saved, like ourselves."

"Alas! her scalp may even now dangle amid those which yon savages toss about, like demons that they are. Better for Marie, indeed, if she indeed perished on the mountain!"

"She would then rest where the wicked might not trouble," responded the priest. "Nevertheless, the Almighty may have preserved her, my son, and as Christian men, it is meet that we give not way to despair!"

"Would that I were lying stark beside my sister!" cried Louis, refusing to be consoled by the good Abbe's words. "Would," he continued more bitterly, "that these Heathen savages were done with their mummery, that they might be speedy in their sacrifice of which we are to be the victims!"

"Nay, murmur not! Tempt not Heaven with impious wishes! We indeed suffer, but One has suffered before us! Trust in that One, my son—even Him in whom the young Marie trusted."

The youth replied not, for a whisper, low and sweet as the summer wind, seemed to echo the priest's words. The memory of his sister's voice descended like dew upon his bruised heart, and he felt that if the maiden were indeed no more of earth, her spirit would be near him in the hour of trial. He bent his head, and went silently on.

And now they arrived before the rude village of the Narragansetts, and the whole party of savages, seeming like fiends in the strangeness of their decorations and painted bodies, gathered around a tall pole, which was thickly hung with trophies of slain enemies—weapons and ornaments, grinning skulls and ghastly scalps. To this pole the two captives were bound, back to back, their limbs and heads braced tightly against the wood, and their white faces and fixed eyes exposed to the glare of great fires, which burned in four corners around the fearful war-post. And now began the frightful dance of victory.

With a leap, and a shrill, short yell, a single warrior sprung from the surrounding crowd, and with wild contortions circled the captives in a slow dance. Now nearing, now receding from the trophied post, he chanted a monotonous song, descriptive of the exploits of the war party and of his own share in the glory of the expedition. As he chanted, his voice grew louder and shriller, and the admiring throng of spectators shouted and yelled in dismal concert. He waxed fiercer in the strange evolutions of the dance—he waved and brandished his tomahawk above his head, in rapid circles, as he narrated his own feats in battle. His bared knife gleamed in his hand, and he shook aloft his sheaf of arrows.

"O warriors! we have fought great fights—
We have taken many scalps!
Our trophies are as the sands of the sea shore:
We have taken many captives!

"For we are strong: we are as the oak trees in strength!
As the leaves of the oak in number:
Our lodges are filled with the spoils of war—
We cannot count the scalps that hang in the smoke of our wigwams!

"We rushed upon our foemen like the torrent from the hills,—
We made their hearts afraid!
The hatchet drank the blood of their heroes!
Rejoice, rejoice, O warriors! we have destroyed the strangers! They are no more!

"I bounded upon their chief like a young wolf!
I tore his scalp with my teeth!
Yonder it hangs, yet wet with blood!
O warriors, I am brave! my trophies hang on yonder pole—I cannot count them!"

As this last boast pealed from the lips of the savage dancer, he sprang upward, and launched his tomahawk at the trophied post. It cut the air with a sharp hiss, and struck the wood within a finger's breadth of the elder captive's face, its oaken heft quivering against his cheek. A chorus of approving yells from the women and children greeted this exhibition of skill, and immediately a hundred warriors sprang into the ring, and with frightful whoops and hideous contortions, joined the first savage in his song and dance.

The unearthly scene—the horrible, mocking faces of the Indians, and their terrific gestures, seeming to menace death to the captives at every contortion of the dance—began to swim indistinctly before the eyes of Abbe Cloude and his young countryman. Soon it seemed that only a confused whirl of dusky figures, gleaming torches, and upheld spears and hatchets, danced before them, and then they heard but a din of yells and horrid laughter, mingled with dull tomahawk strokes upon the post to which they were fastened. Then as the savage triumph grew wilder and wilder, Heaven vouchsafed relief to the wretched prisoners. Fear, exhaustion, and suffering paralyzed their senses. Their eyes closed, and they became unconscious of torture.

CHAPTER V.

ROBIN BALL.

"I doubt, Captain Pierre, you and I and all of us will rue that luckless shot ere we be clear of these Heathen savages," said the voice of a man who held the rudder of a large boat which, filled with his companions, was skirting the jutting points of a long reach of rocks forming the entrance of what is now the Mystic river.

"And I doubt, Robin Ball, you will one day provoke me to send as luckless a shot into that English pate of yours," replied Captain Pierre.

"A luckless shot, and a luckless hand, and a luckless soul, will be that which shall seek harm to Robin Ball, and he live to know the same!" retorted the Englishman. "Nathless, I will say, what I said before, that it was a coward act to shoot that young squaw out of rank wantonness! What need was there to waste powder at all, Captain Pierre."

"Have care, Robin Ball, of your speech, else there will be more than words between us. What think ye if I leave ye ashore among your good friends, the red men? By my faith, it were fair wages for mutinous grumbling wherewith ye would breed evil blood among comrades."

"Call my speech what ye may, Captain Pierre, there shall not be wanting a hand to back what the mouth utters."

"Dog! do you threaten me?" cried the Creole, starting from his seat in the middle of the vessel, and half raising his sword, as he leaned toward the boat-steerer. "Another word from that mutinous throat, and there'll be one less of this good company."

"Say you so, Captain Pierre!" retorted the Englishman, letting go his hold of the rudder, and grasping instead the barrel of an arquebus, which lay beside him at the stern of the boat. "If Rob Ball be a dog, he is no dog of a Creole buccaneer. What ho, my masters!" continued the seaman, glancing from one to another of his comrades in the pinnace—"Will ye see your messmate tossed overboard to the sharks, because he doubts the good policy of murdering squaws, when we have thousands of bloody savages tracking us night and day since the shipwreck?"

The seaman's appeal was not without its effect, for a murmur ran from one to another of the crew, and Captain Pierre's uplifted arm dropped irresolute by his side. The Creole, however, was not a man to be easily alarmed. He knew well the natures of those who composed the greater portion of the company, since it was true that several of them had sailed with him in former years in quest of adventures quite as perilous as the present one. On the other hand, he was aware that the English sailor Rob Ball was a fellow of address and boldness, and possessed not a little influence over many of the crew. Besides this, the unfortunate termination of the voyage had disheartened most of the men, who had heretofore not been backward in expressing themselves in terms of insubordination quite as positive as those of the Englishman. Captain Pierre, therefore, saw that his better policy was to temporize.

"Come, come, Robin Ball," he said, releasing his clasp of the sword hilt, and stretching out his hand to the boat-steerer. "Let the past be forgotten between worthy comrades! If the squaw had held her peace, no harm had been done. As it was, comrade—I sought not to slay the woman—it was the red dog I aimed at."

Robin Ball doggedly took the hand which was extended to him, but he gave it no grasp of reconciliation.

"It was a coward shot, I'll maintain!" he muttered.

Captain Pierre overheard the remark, and bit his lip, whilst the dark blood mounted to his face. Nevertheless, he only laughed, displaying his white teeth, and said,

"Well, worthy Rob, the next shot shall be yours! But, look ye, comrades—the smooth beach and quiet cove of yon little isle will give us a snug harbor for the night. I like not skirting these thickets in the full glare of the moon. And, see! the wench is just peeping from behind those tall trees! Presently her beams will light up the waters, so that we shall be quite too fair a target for the arrows of red marksmen! Prythee, good Robin, point the boat shoreward, an it please you!"

But Robin Ball's temper seemed to be far from placable on this occasion. He gloomily held his peace, and though, as directed, he steered the pinnace into shoal water, and gained the narrow cove, beyond which a patch of hard beach, glittering in the rays of moonlight which now began to glimmer through the forest leaves offered a secure landing place, it was evident that no gentle feeling warmed his heart with reference to his commander. Of this, however, the Creole, apparently took no note, waiting quietly in his place till the boat's keel struck the sands, and then springing ashore with the rest of the crew, seemingly losing all recollection of the late war of words. Robin Ball muttered a few grumbling words, as he aided in dragging the boat upon the beach, and securing it for the night, and then joined his companions in disposing of his allotted share of the scanty remnant of provisions which they had saved from the wreck, but to which had been added an abundant store of succulent Indian corn, gleaned from an Indian plantation encountered on their devious voyage in the pinnace.

Captain Pierre and his crew had now passed a week in skirting the shores, headlands, and harbors of the bay in which the unfortunate French ship had been wrecked. During these dangerous wanderings they had several times been nearly captured by parties of savages, who, after the plunder of the vessel, had dispersed themselves at various points of the coast in order to cut off any straggling survivors of the catastrophe. The Creole knew very well that the wretched emigrants whom he had deserted were totally incapable of any continued resistance to the Indians, even should they escape the fate threatened by the elements; inasmuch as the magazine and the provisions of the vessel had been under water for many hours preceding his own abandonment of the wreck, and the passengers were therefore destitute of any means of defence or subsistence. He had himself with great difficulty managed to secure a keg of powder, and a quantity of small-arms, together with a week's stores, and with these escaped, as we have seen, at the very moment when the ship's gallery and quarter had been carried away by the billows. Afterwards, penetrating the bay, he had discovered many sheltered coves and indentations of the woody shores, where, concealing the boat, he had detached parties to reconnoitre the land. In this manner the Creole had contrived to augment his store of provisions by levying secret contributions on the Indian cornfields then in full luxuriance, as well as by shooting quantities of wild game with which the forest abounded. At times, indeed, the party had run risks of discovery, and of being forced to fight for their lives; for more than once, they had come suddenly in sight of the smoke of Indian camps, and beheld large bands of armed warriors defiling through the woods, or paddling over the broad bay, in some inlet of which their boat was at the time concealed.

Captain Pierre, however, was well versed in savage craft, for he had dwelt in the Havana, and among the islands of the Spanish main, and, withal, was a politic and fearless adventurer, who made light of dangers and adversities which might have gone far to dishearten one of weaker mould. Under his skillful pilotage, by rowing in the shadow of the banks, and keeping watchful eye both for canoes upon the bay and savage lodge-smokes on the land, the band which he led had for a week navigated the mouths of various harbors, and even ventured far along the banks of rivers that manifestly penetrated the far interior of the land. It was not, indeed, till the present evening that the creole, on discovering as he thought a solitary squaw reclining near the beach, conceived the wicked project of obtaining possession of the defenceless creature, and thus gaining information concerning the red tribes who dwelt on the shores of the Massachusetts. Other and cruel purpose had Captain Pierre, which he as yet imparted to but two or three of his followers, and this was to oblige his prisoner to conduct the band to some village of the red people, which he proposed surprising in the night, and making captures of a goodly number of children. These prizes secured, and the pinnace safely steered from the bay, the Creole thought that little difficulty would be experienced in coasting the land southward to the Havana, where his captives could be profitably disposed of as slaves to the planters in that island. It was a nefarious design, but one quite in keeping with the character of the buccaneer, and not indeed at variance with the customs of the time, inasmuch as other adventurers, English as well as Spanish and French, had amassed large fortunes by the same traffic.

Pierre Dacot, therefore, or Captain Pierre, as he was called, found no difficulty in reconciling his conscience to the deed thus contemplated, and though foiled in his attempt to abduct the Pequod woman, by the sudden appearance of her brave husband, whom the rover feared might be accompanied by other savages, he determined at the earliest opportunity to carry into execution his project of kidnapping. The pinnace was large enough to accommodate besides his crew, some dozen or more closely-pinioned children, and by these latter, Captain Pierre hoped to realize a few hard pieces of gold as soon as he should reach the Havana.

But at first it was necessary that all his companions should be made acquainted with the enterprise proposed. He knew the obstinate disposition of Robin Ball, and likewise that this stolid fellow had been much disaffected during all the time elapsing since their abandonment of the emigrants; and yet it was of the first importance that Rob, who was much regarded among the men, should give his earnest co-operation to the business of kidnapping, in order to insure its success. The creole regretted bitterly the dispute which had occurred between himself and the Englishman, and resolved to heal the breach as speedily as possible. No sooner, then, was the pinnace secured for the night, and the men dispersed under the leafy covert of the small island where they had sought a sheltered repose, than the captain drew near to Robin Ball, and said in a coaxing voice—

"Comrade! if I spake word of offence, or if the rash deed of the enemy has stirred up bitterness between us, it is not meet that comrades in danger should harbor malice. Here, then, Robin, is my hand, and let us be friends once more, for I love you too well to sleep in anger with you."

The English seaman held the rover's hand a moment, without speaking, though he returned the pressure which it gave his own. Then he said slowly—"Captain Pierre—there be many natures and many paths in the world. Your nature, I doubt, is not my nature; and when this voyage is over, our paths will very like be wide from each other. But as you say, comrades in danger should harbor no malice. Therefore let us be no more at strife till we meet in a Christian land."

"With all my heart, brave comrade," said the captain. "And if, when we are safe among Christian men once more, Robin Ball shall show cause of grievance against Pierre Dacot, by my troth, I shall be ready to settle the score, with sword, dagger, or pistol, as the case may be."

Rob Ball appeared greatly mollified by this promise on the part of the leader, and shook the latter's hand with earnestness, as he replied—"That's fair and frank, and beshrew me but Robin will give Pierre whatever satisfaction he may claim—as my hand on the bargain now warrants. So good night, captain!"

Saying this, Rob Ball was about to cast himself on the soft grass, where he had already made a pillow of leaves, covered with his thick sailor's gaberdine, but Captain Pierre had not yet finished the conversation to his liking.

"We have had the fiend's own luck in this voyage, Robin," he cried, seating himself beside the sailor. "Look you at me, comrade—stripped of all I possessed by the wreck, and obliged to begin the world without a maravedi. Now, if some stroke of fortune were to offer,—if we could but get away from this savage land, and fall in with some rich galleon that a few stout blows might master—"

"Mass! but it would be better than shooting squaws for marksmanship," said Rob Ball. "Faith, Captain Pierre! I value my life as highly as any man's—but if a good Spanish merchantman were to be had by the risk of it, never fear to find Robin lagging in the back ground."

"I doubt you not, Robin, I doubt you not," answered the Creole. "But, we are not yet at the Havana, and when the Havana is reached, it is many a league to Fortugas' Isle, and further still to the Oroonoco, and the Spanish main."

"Good-bye, then, to Spanish galleons!" said Rob Ball, moodily.

"Not so!" answered the crafty Creole. "Have you not heard, Rob, of your bold countryman, Walter Raleigh, who sailed the great main, and went in search of the Golden People of Guiana?"

"Ay, marry have I," cried Rob, "and of Drake, the good mariner, who took great store of wealth from the Don Spaniards."

"Well, there be Drakes and Raleighs now on the main," said Captain Pierre; "there be bold mariners who go out in boats not bigger than our pinnace here, and with no arms save pistols and cutlasses; and the great galleons strike their flags when they see them, and the Dons fall on their marrow-bones, begging for quarter."

"By my troth!" exclaimed Robin Ball, warmed up by the Creole's words, "say you that such bold freebooters be there? Here is my hand, then, thrice, Captain Pierre. Let bygones be bygones, and go we speedily to the brave Spanish main!"

"Oh, we are not yet there," sighed the rover. "We must first reach the Havana!"

"But the pinnace will weather her way thither, Captain Pierre. Have you not promised us that?"

"Small fear have I of the pinnace," returned the creole. "And that we shall reach the Havana, I doubt not; but what think ye, comrade, will be our luck among the Havana planters, save, indeed, we have gold wherewith to provide for our voyage to the main? Now, I have a thought; Robin Ball—"

The captain paused, apparently revolving some new idea in his mind, whilst the Englishman half-rose from his pillow to listen.

"If we can manage to catch a few of these wild natives, and transport them safely to the Havana, the red hides would stand us some broad pistoles, Robin Ball."

The seaman's blue eyes opened widely.

"What say you, Captain Pierre—mean you to sell the Indians?"

"In good sooth do I. The heathen dogs!—more especially if they be likely youth of fifteen years or thereabout, will bring a good price with the planters—some fifty pistoles per head, or thereabouts, Robin Ball."

"And you will sell the flesh and blood of the poor people, captain?"

"For fifty pistoles per head—male and female, Robin!"

"Then may God's malison light on ye!" cried the Englishman, suddenly starting up, and confronting his astonished leader, who had deemed his crafty words were listened to with eager ears. "Am I a Turk, Captain Pierre, that ye propose this foul traffic to me? Out with ye, for a coward and a kidnapper!"

"Robin Ball, have a care!"

"Villain that ye are, and no brave mariner—I defy you, and if my life be spared till the morrow's sun, I take my leave of your company, come what come may."

Captain Pierre's small black eyes twinkled with malice, but he made no reply to the Englishman, who threw himself back upon his pillow, with a muttered malediction. After a pause, however, the Creole glided silently away from the spot where the conversation had been held, and proceeded noiselessly toward the pinnace, in whose bows watched two others of the crew.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Reason is the test of ridicule—not ridicule the test of truth.—*Warburton.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5,00 a year.
8 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
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Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

THE "FRIENDS."

We have received the following communication, called out probably by our recent article on "Quakerism:"

Messrs. Editors—As, by reading the "Post," I find that you are *posted* about matters relating to the "Society of Friends," I use a freedom in addressing you which I trust will not be deemed impertinent. I have an anxious desire to be informed upon a few points of their practice about which I am not satisfied. Will you be kind enough to impart the information, if you can?

1st.—From visiting their meeting houses, I learn that they almost totally discard paint in their internal fixings, as well as carpets, stuffed seats, and cornicing; but, on gaining the inside of the dwellings of individual members of the Society, I find Brussel's carpets, cushioned chairs, &c. This seems to me to be inconsistent. If they reject these things in their meeting-houses because they are superfluous, I do not see how they can retain them in their dwellings without being guilty of a superfinity, if, indeed, mere superfluity be a sin. Again: If these things are necessary to their comfort in their dwellings, why not in their meeting-houses; and, if they subject themselves to discomfort, without some substantial reason for the same, in attending public worship, are they not doing penance and following in the tracks of Romanism? Are not those who profess no belief in all mere forms, "of all men most" formal?

2nd.—They require persons applying for membership, to be plain in dress, as well as address, which means that they must wear a straight coat. Are they not in this laying much stress upon the outward, while they are not slow to condemn other societies who may choose a different style of regalia—as, for instance, the plain white linen collar adorned with a red, white and blue badge? Here, again, I think they are inconsistent.

3rd.—I submit whether they are not over particular respecting the color of the material of which their vesture is made. Why should it be so important to adopt the *drab* or the *brown*? In the language of another, with whose religious sentiments, however, I do not agree, "If the Friends had been consulted at Creation, what a silent and drab-colored creation we should have had! Not a flower would have been permitted to bloom, nor a bird to sing." Will you please to enlighten me upon the subject.

Respectfully, SEMI-QUAKER.

All our correspondent's questions may be answered at once—as they are, in the main, levelled at different manifestations of the same principle. Although calling himself a "Semi-Quaker," he may be surprised to learn that true and original Quakerism consists neither in a certain style of dress, nor in a drab or brown color. As we have defined what Quakerism mainly is, we may be allowed now to state what it is not.

It is a lamentable fact, that the mind of man has a continual tendency to sink the spiritual in the material—from which error it requires continually to be awakened by the coming of Prophets and Apostles, endowed with an unusual portion of celestial fire. Thus there are few established churches whose members do not value the growth and power of their particular organization more than the great cause of Truth and Righteousness itself—though perhaps every one of those churches was originally founded by men who cared little for organizations, except as they were bulwarks for a greater or less portion of the unpopular Truth and Righteousness of their day.

Now, as to the early Quakers, they had what they termed a "testimony" in favor of simplicity and economy of dress and living, which many good and spiritual-minded men have had in all denominations and all ages. It seemed unbecoming the strictness and sobriety of their religious profession, to change their garb at the mere dictation of fashion—so they held on to the usual dress-coat of their day, without regard to the changes of costume. But, with the progress of time, in the tendency to formalism, which is so dear to the heart of man, as it obviates the necessity of a continual activity of the spirit—this peculiar cut, simply adhered to at the first from a dislike to capricious changes, came to be considered *in itself* something venerable.

And thus, in a degree, with the paint on the meeting-houses. The first meeting-houses were very plainly and simply built, in accordance with the simplicity and sobriety of the society, and therefore the practice was continued—though of late years, it frequently has been departed from, especially in the cities. Doubtless too, the plainness of the Quaker meeting-houses is designed in part as a protest against the customs of other denominations in this respect. The Friends object to calling a meeting-house, the "Lord's House," because they say it implies that the Most High dwells in temples made with hands—which the Scripture emphatically denies. Their desire to manifest their belief that there is no peculiar sacredness in houses of worship—but that all places where the spirit can lift itself up in supplication to the Great Supreme are equally sacred—is doubtless another cause of the absence of paint, cushions, &c., in the majority of their meeting-houses.

As to the drab and brown colors, now so generally worn by the society, we are inclined to think that this is almost wholly a formalism. Mr. Watson, in his "Annals of Philadelphia," if we remember rightly, refers to the fact that in the early days of our city, the female Ministers and Elders of the "Friends" wore red and blue—white and drab then being the fashionable colors. It is also a matter of record, that when William Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians—of which Voltaire said that "it was the only one not made with an oath, and the only one which never was broken"—the famous Quaker leader had a crimson sash around his waist. Certainly, when we behold the heavens, the work of the Almighty's hand, the sun and stars which He has ordained, the grass and leaves with which he has carpeted and adorned the earth, it is difficult to imagine any other reason than the merest formalism for the proscription of such useful and beautiful colors as blue, red and green.

In truth, so far as this matter of dress is concerned, we fear that we have a curious exemplification of the gradual deadening of an excellent spiritual truth, into a sapless, lifeless formalism. For the present Quaker garb, especially in the case of the women, absolutely requires *more* taste and attention than the common garb of the world. White and drab are indeed favorable to cleanliness, because they show a soil so readily—but this very fact is fatal to the economy of their use; while the muslin neckerchief requires as much time to arrange in suitable and orderly folds, as a city belle would give to her wealth of ringlets.

Neither is the wearing of the hat, in season and out of season, or any peculiar form of speech, in our view an inherent part of Quakerism. As to the former custom, it was at first we judge, simply a protest against the servility of the day—a claim of the equal natural nobility of every man. So with the words *thou* and *thee*. At the time when Quakerism sprung into existence, it was common to use "thee" and "thou" to "common people," "you" to the nobility and persons in authority. The Quakers would thee and thou even a king—and call him by his Christian name. Beneath both these customs it will be seen lay a sturdy, republican principle—based upon the natural equality of man, and the brotherhood in the Saviour. No one was to be called "master,"—because "one was the master," and "all ye are brethren." At this day, and especially in this country, when the uncovering of the head has lost its character of servility, and, like the use of the incorrect term "mister," become a mere form of courtesy, there seems to be no good reason why these old Quaker peculiarities should be adhered to. Still they seem to us too small matters to have much importance attached to them, one way or the other.

It is pleasant to know that these things are by none better understood, than by the choicer spirits of the society itself. We think the tendency now-a-days, is decided by towards a gradual dropping of the mere outward and formal "testimonies" of the society, and towards a reinvigoration of those spiritual "testimonies," the influence of which the whole world has felt and acknowledged. One great Mission of the Society, in our opinion, has been to call mankind to the importance of Practical Righteousness—a thing which in the strife of creeds, and in the right settling of disputed points of faith, the world is so apt to overlook. Anything erroneous in the religious views of the Quakers, will, we think, be pardoned by all true men, so long as they are faithful to this important Mission—so long as they set the world an example of a conscientious devotion to the Right in their daily lives and business, and of a practical adherence to the great doctrines of Moderation, Peacefulness, and Charity.

THE ATTITUDE OF FRANCE.

In the rather unsettled state of our relations with Great Britain, a recent occurrence in Paris has considerable significance.

The American Commission appointed to investigate and examine the military operations and works connected with the war, upon their return to Paris called upon the Minister of War, M. Barrion, for permission to inspect the improvements under his supervision. This courtesy, though promised previously, was bluntly refused, upon the ground that *the relations between the two countries were not such as to warrant it*. And when the officers explained that they had heard of no cause of interruption, he persisted, and curtly closed the interview by saying, "*Good-bye till the first cannon shot.*"

It is said that there can be no mistake as to such language actually having been used, as each of the three Commissioners committed the conversation to writing, and the statements are materially the same. It is no secret that the appointment of Soule as Minister to Spain, his duel with a relation of the Empress Eugenie, the after difficulty relative to Soule's passage through France, and the views promulged by the American Ministers at the Ostend Conference—taken in connection with the peculiar intimacy which always has existed between France and Spain, and which the marriage of Louis Napoleon riveted still closer—have affected the French Court very unfavorably towards the United States.

The remark of the French Minister of War was certainly highly offensive—and, if made by an *English* Minister, our newspapers would now be boiling over with excitement, and certain members of Congress in a perfect foam of fury; but, as it is, both editors and politicians are singularly calm and silent. Mr. Mason, our Minister at Paris, to whom the affair was instantly made known, seems to have been in no hurry to ask an explanation; although even moderate and peaceable men like ourselves, think the occasion one which demanded immediate action. But the whole matter exemplifies the tendency of a large class of our people, to submit to the picking out of their eyes by the French eagle, more quietly than they would endure even a curl of the tail of the British Lion.

One thing, however, it would be well just now to bear in mind—that if the difficulties with England are pushed into a war, which very easily may be done, we in all human probability shall have France also to contend against.

SHOOTING AFFAIR AT WASHINGTON.—Considerable excitement has been caused in Washington by Mr. Herbert, member of Congress from California, having shot Thomas Keating, one of the waiters at Willard's Hotel. The evidence is very contradictory, but it would seem that Mr. Herbert entered the breakfast-room at an unreasonable hour, and, being denied a meal without an order from the office, insulted and struck the waiter. A scuffle ensued, and several of the servants attacking Mr. Herbert, he drew his pistol, and shot Keating down. After a long examination, Judge Crawford ordered the prisoner to enter into recognizance in $10,000 for his appearance at the June term of the Criminal Court, to answer the charge of manslaughter. Joseph A. Perrott and James Owner entered bond for that amount, and the prisoner was released.

A GOOD IDEA.—We have received a letter signed *Jesse Taylor, Dupont, Jefferson county, Indiana*, offering to supply the Post for one year to all persons who will write that they are *poor and do not take a paper*—at the same time forwarding the statement of the Postmaster or some other responsible person, vouching for said facts. Letters and vouchers of course to be addressed to said Jesse Taylor—of whom we know nothing more than that, if he does as he says, he will prove a great patron of the cause of literature and human advancement.

NORTH ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY.—The Rev. Jacob Fowler is now in this city, with the object of collecting funds in aid of the above named University. He appears to come well recommended to the liberality of our citizens.

"NED BUNTLINE'S OWN."—"Ned Buntline" has retired from his "Own," and the paper henceforth will be published in *Quarto Form*, under the title of "The Quaker City," by T. H. Elliott & Co., of this city.

THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

We announced last week the opening of the thirty-third annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy, now in its fiftieth year. The show (to use a convenient and graphic term,) is a fine one. An institution like the Academy does credit to the city and state alike; and it is gratifying that such institutions can get founded and supported in a country whose most immediate necessity has been to make the wilderness a garden, and hew empire out of the primeval forests. Rumor says that some Parisian wit writing his book of Travel, lately represented the condition of Art in America by a blank page. The jest is good, and, like many other good jests, unfair and untrue. Its plausibility rests on the implied contrast of art matters here with art-matters in the Old World. But the comparison is odious. That world had to become an Old World before it could boast great pictures and statues, and ample means, appliances, and encouragements for the artist. Centuries of hard and practical life had to pass over Europe before Angelo's statues, and Rembrandt's pictures, and the galleries of the Louvre and the Vatican could be. These things were the slow accretions of the Ages. Say that Art in America is but the mere germ—nay, the mere germinal dot—of Art; and then why taunt it for being a germ? Shall we hold in derision the acorn which contains the possibility of the broad-branched oak, whose green magnificence shall shade the summers of a thousand years? Is not promise as respectable in its degree as performance? There was a time when the Art for which the name of Florence or Rome is a synonym, was nothing but a promise. Many an artist lived in poverty and died in darkness, through many a century, before Angelo or Cellini could be born, and find patrons. Suppose clever wits making ridicule of those strivings and aspirations in their meagre and sad expression through those centuries! People whose ancestors lived in glass houses shouldn't throw stones from their marble domicils at those who live in glass houses now. European wits might well look with leniency on our blank page, remembering the time when their Art was a blank page too. It is unphilosophic, as well as unkind, to sneer at the day of small things. But when we look with candid eyes at the condition and prospects of Art in America, the blank page ceases to be any truthful symbol of the fact. Cole and Doughty and Healy and Weber can claim their niches in fame with as good a show of reason as Vandyke and Raphael and Claude Lorraine. It is heresy to say so, perhaps; but we say it. We mean no fling at the artists of old time; nobody doubts that the Old Masters were indeed Masters; but the common sense of the world will not much longer endure the unreasonable fustian of glorification poured forth on their works at the expense of the artistic excellence of modern days. Skyrocketing over their achievements will soon fall into disrepute with all sensible people, if the later achievements are not to have their honors too. Art is not to stand dumb and unrecognized, because Art had other Masters in other days.

> "We thank them that they first unlocked the door;
> We will not make it unaccessible,
> By thankings in the doorway any more."

But again, when we consider that the American people, as a people, have had so many other things to attend to—things intimate with the very necessity and formation of personal and national prosperity—the conservation and security of the necessaries of life, in contradistinction from the luxuries thereof—we hold that the, relatively speaking, generous recognition, they have given to the artist and his creations, is at once honorable to them, and hopeful in its relation to the question of the possibility of a broad success for Art in this country.

So, we come back to our Academy, and its pictures and statues. Many people—possibly some of our readers among them—will say scornfully "what's the use of these things?" But many people saying this, will say a very shallow thing. Good pictures are quite as useful as good pork. Food to eat, and clothes to wear, and houses to live in, are not the only useful things in this world of human souls. Is there any moral shut within the bosom of the rose? But God created the rose as well as the ear of corn; and He made nothing to be useless. The "lesson that rainbows teach and sunsets show," is quite as valuable as any of the lessons learned at the bench or loom, on the farm, or in the counting-house. Let us not wink out of sight the spiritual facts of our nature. No cynicism—no materialism—can long convince people that they have not souls. Every beautiful work of art and nature is valuable as an implement of moral education. Whatever instructs or elevates the human spirit, is as valuable and as indispensable to that spirit, as food and raiment are to the body. The secret of the world-wide love for the beautiful is in the fact that men recognize its influence as beneficial to them; and this, in turn, is the proof of its usefulness. Therefore let nobody turn up his philosophic nose at fine pictures and statues, but go to school of them, and learn what they, too, have to teach to the unjaundiced eye and the reverent heart.

And so we come back again to our Academy. The distinctive character of our paper forbids any detailed description or criticism of the various pictures. But, we wish we could gather in all the readers of the "Post" to see with their own eyes, and not telescopically, through our words, several magnificent landscapes, and portraits, which adorn the walls of the Academy. The sight would convert all æsthetic infidels among them to the doctrines of the Beautiful. For instance, there are several landscapes of Mr. Weber's—one in particular, called "Sunset." Imagine a shadowed pool in the foreground—silent and sombre—enviroped by full-foliaged-trees, and wierd banks stretching away into solemn and solitary hills. The sun has sunk, but the last red glow gleams on the tree-tops, and fades sadly from the blue distance. No human object populates the sequestered repose; a single hawk alone, sailing through mid-air, gives to the lonely scene a wilder loneliness. The picture is wonderful.

Then there are several landscapes by Mr. J. Hamilton, perfect dream-pictures, painted with a Turneresque, mystical beauty. They are not natural—at least, not transcripts of nature in its normal aspects—but they are poetically fine. One, a magic sea-scene of mist, blended with tossing water, with a bewildered dash of white foam on some brown rocks, and an explosion of crimson and golden sunset over all, casting red and yellow lights in the unstable waves, is marvellous in its effect. Another is still better—a view on the river Thames, with a brazen sunlight shimmering through a fog on the oily water, and wonderful effects of cloudy shipping looming through, and lost and mingled with, the white mists. There are others, all in the same style. Their mannerism might be accounted a fault. Yet Paganini's music would have been still great, even though *always* played on a single string. We think more however of his genius, when we know that he was wont to use all the chords of his violin, though not at all times; and the greatest artist, will always have a certain originality in his genius, and touch nature in its multiform and shifting moods.

There are other superb landscapes, and there are portraits and historical pieces of the highest excellence; but we are doing a positive injustice to many of our artists, by particularizing for praise a few pictures, when there are numerous others equally deserving of eulogy, which our space will not allow us to mention; and therefore we will conclude by simply advising all persons who possibly can, to visit the exhibition, and assure them that they will be amply repaid for the time thus bestowed.

WALKER AND NICARAGUA.

A meeting, of which the notorious Captain Rynders was the leading spirit, was held at New York on the 9th instant, to express sympathy with the filibusters at Nicaragua, and assist Gen. Walker's movements. A committee was appointed to solicit material aid for Nicaragua. The proceedings were of a very spicy and highly dramatic character—as they are apt to be when the "gallant Rynders" figures. The following is a sketch of the Captain's speech upon the occasion:—

Capt. Rynders—Gentlemen, we have assembled to express our sympathies for Gen. Walker in his efforts to establish a Government similar to our own. McKibben give me a glass of water. (The President gracefully complied with the request.)

A Voice—Will you have a glass of brandy? I'll bring you one if I can get through the crowd with it.

Capt. Rynders—You needn't; I don't care to interfere with the views of some of my friends. A gentleman who spoke previously spoke of an unwritten law. I say that law is not unwritten; it is written in the heart of every American citizen, and I would like to see the British bayonet that would wipe it out. (Cheers.) It is the manifest destiny of our people to overshadow all others on this continent, because we have right and justice on our side. (Cheers.) I hope that this meeting will respond to Walker's appeal for money and munitions. He desires to revolutionize that Government, not to enslave the people. There is no progressive element in the people, and they want the American people there to give vitality to the nation. (Cheers.) He is striving to hold up the Democratic Republican institutions. (Cheers.) Some say he is a filibuster.

A Voice—So does Marcy.

Capt. Rynders—Yes, my friend, if you want *mercy* I hope you'll get it. (Cheers and laughter.) I'm glad that man has relieved himself. He has got only a drop of wit, and you see how soon he runs out. (Laughter.) He would have split if he had kept it in. What nation has said the most about filibusterism? Great Britain stands in the front rank. How has she acquired all of her territory?

A Voice—By bravery.

Capt. Rynders—Yes, if stealing is bravery, she did—and if you are as brave as Great Britain is, I hope those gentlemen near you will watch their pockets. (Loud laughter and cheers.) If you have got any other witty man out there show them up. I admit that Great Britain is a brave nation. No intelligent man can deny it. But she has made aggressions on every nation on earth that she could. Does she acquire territory to elevate the people in it and give them better laws? No. She aims only to rob them of their territory like a fellow who said he got an honest living by stealing everything he could; and if to go among an unenlightened people to elevate them in the scale of moral and social excellence is to be a filibuster, then write me down as a filibuster. (Cheers.) If it is a good cause, and I call upon you to "bear them for their cause." That is an expression used by some distinguished man. I believe it was Nick Seagrist—I am not certain. (Laughter.)

A Voice—It was Mark Anthony.

Capt. Rynders—Perhaps it was—I don't read or write now-a-days more than once a month, and it had escaped my recollection. (Laughter.) Allusion has been made to the Government not recognizing the Republic of Nicaragua. I felt, myself, a deep regret that our Government should have manifested such a tardiness, and I felt almost like leaping beyond the bounds of prudence and discretion. But when I came to reflect upon the matter, I thought that this Government should not render herself liable to disgrace by breaking a pledge of neutrality, as Great Britain has disgraced herself. At that time there was no evidence that the existing Government of Nicaragua was a stable Government. We heard otherwise. The result was that the Government refused to receive Mr. French as Minister.

A Voice—Why didn't they receive him?

Capt. Rynders—Well, I suppose he was like you, and didn't have intelligence enough to make them understand what he was after. (Laughter.) But right or wrong the Government did not receive him. They took the view of the case I have stated, and kept good their faith with the world. But now things have changed. There is evidence now that the Government is a Government *de facto—de facto*, as the lawyer says. (Laughter.) They are a class of men who mystify everything except their fees, and them they make you understand without any difficulty. (Laughter.) A Government *de facto* means nothing more than a Government in fact.

A Voice—Does Marcy say so?

Capt. Rynders—Mr. Marcy is a native of this State and he is a man whom, I am proud to say, has distinguished himself as Secretary of State more than all others for many years.

A Voice—Three cheers for Marcy. [Cheers and hisses.]

Another Voice—Three groans for Marcy. [Loud groans.]

Johnny Austin—(standing near the platform)—You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, all of you. He has served well as Secretary of State. [Hisses.]

Voices—Put him out.

Johnny Austin—You can't do it.

A rush was here made for the spot where Austin was standing, and there was scuffling for a couple of minutes, and cries of "Put him out," "You can't do it," &c., Capt. Rynders jumped upon the platform. After some confusion, Austin got back to his place. Here an altercation in words began between Jack Wilson and Johnny Austin, but nothing more serious. Capt. Rynders had called for the band to play during the excitement, which request was complied with, and the Captain then proceeded with his remarks, until interrupted by some of his friends. The tenor of their remarks can be inferred from the following language of Capt. Rynders, when he resumed:

Gentlemen, said he, I can't have three connected ideas when there is a fool on one side and a jackass on the other, and a Committee on Invitations behind trying to pick my pockets or pull my coat-tails off, I don't know which. [Laughter.]

Capt. Rynders—I want to say that I have had intelligence from Washington that the Government will be recognized,—[cheers]—and that Father Vijil will be recognized as Minister.

A Voice—Marcy won't have anything to do with it.

Capt. Rynders—My friend, if you wouldn't open your mouth so much you wouldn't say so many foolish things. [Laughter.] When the Government is recognized, the neutrality laws will be void. A man can then go there with his goods, and if he chooses to carry with him a Sharp's rifle among them it will make no difference, and then John McKeon's occupation is gone.

Three cheers for Rynders were called for, and responded to, as he closed his speech.

The "*Republican*" character of Walker's government may be inferred from the fact that, when he wishes money, he makes out a list of certain gentlemen, and orders them to *loan* it to him. Already seven or eight of these forced loans have been levied in Nicaragua. The consequence of which "republican" proceeding is, that in Honduras, where many of the people were disposed at first to be favorable to Walker, the tide has turned completely against him—and, what is worse, against all other Americans. And thus—as we once before said—all the people of this Western hemisphere, south of the United States, who formerly used to regard us as their natural head, and their political ideal, are becoming averse to us, and would rather favor England and France in any commercial or other arrangement than they would the land of their old admiration and pride. Such are the results of the selfish, grasping, domineering spirit—which makes Power the measure of Right. And the sooner that spirit is rebuked by the American people, the earlier will our old standing be regained in Central and South America.

THE MORMONS.—By the news from Utah, in our news columns, it will be perceived that the system of Polygamy is tending towards the grossest corruption.

COAL TAR AND GAS.

The London Journal of Gas Lighting contains an article designed to prove that not only coal tar but even gas is a great disinfectant—that "gas during the period of cholera and other epidemic influences, when allowed to escape unconsumed at night, into the compartments in the Kingston flax and cotton mills, at Hull, decreased sickness and conduced to the health of nearly 1,000 work people employed there; and that the men employed at gas works, where carburetted hydrogen gas was always being produced by the distillation of coal, were exempt from cholera."

The idea seems to be that the presence of the gas prevents the formation and growth of those infusorial animalcule which are supposed by many to be the active agents in the production of cholera and other diseases.

It is evident to every man with lungs, that the smell of gas is destructive to life—and, for this very reason, it may be promotive of health in certain conditions of the atmosphere, as calculated to destroy hurtful existences. Every one knows that even absolute poisons are often beneficial in cases of disease, as tending to restore a healthy balance of the system. Thus while the quality of pure, wholesome air necessarily must be injured by the presence of gas, that of impure and unwholesome air sometimes may be improved—the two impurities having a tendency to neutralize each other.

LIVING ON TEN CENTS A DAY.—A lady correspondent complains of an article recently published in the Post, showing how a widow in New York lived on ten cents a day. She says—"Such a weapon you have put in the hands of men who would willingly keep their wives and children on ten cents a day, and spend ten dollars themselves on a spree."

Certainly we are very sorry if any mean specimens of mankind, have taken advantage of that article to stint their families in needful comforts. As our correspondent writes as if she were terribly in earnest, we suppose she must have some foundation for her complaint in her own experience.

That a poor widow managed to keep from starving on ten cents a day, is no reason that others having more money, should spend as little. The use of money is not to "spree" with on the one hand, or to hoard up on the other—but to live comfortably and happily with, so far as our means will permit. Not forgetting to keep something always on hand for times of misfortune or sickness.

HUMBOLDT ON TABLE TURNING.—It appears by the following letter, written by Humboldt in answer to the letter of an inquiring friend, that the report which has been circulating through Europe, asserting the philosopher's conversion to the doctrines of the table turners, is without foundation:

"BERLIN, April 2, 1856.

"You wrote me, my dear sir, (as you invariably do,) a brilliant and extremely kind hearted letter; but I am not capable of entering into a discussion as to the simple possibility of mineral, vegetable, animal, voluntary or involuntary cerebral electricity. One of my weak points is the possession of a holy horror of the inspiration or spiritualization of pine wood and the psycographic mysticism. You increase my terror by the apparition of that ephemerally reasonable being, which receives intellect from the thoughts of the human beings standing around the instrument. You know that Geoffroy Saint Hilaire when in Egypt, perspired the "oxyd of thought," and perhaps you will say that my incredulity is the direct working of my indolence. This accusation I deny, but am still convinced that the pity which I feel at seeing you go astray in the dark path which you have entered, will not in the least lessen the friendship with which you have long favored me. I count upon your indulgence.

"A VON HUMBOLDT."

New Publications.

THE BRITISH ESSAYISTS. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. For sale by J. M. Moore, 193 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Six volumes more of this admirable edition of the British essayists. For portability, simple neatness, convenience of size, clearness of type, and all that constitutes a nice book, typographically and mechanically speaking, this edition has never been surpassed. There is no tinselry of binding, but, while all is elegant, all is for service. These volumes contain the "Guardian" and "Rambler" essays—the best things of Pope, Addison, Steele, Berkely, and Dr. Johnson. Nothing need now be added to their praise. They are still, after the passage of a century, burning lights in literature. Their wit and worth, their sweet morality and grand common sense, have not yet been outrivalled.

PICTORIAL LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JACK ADAMS. By CAPTAIN CHAMIER, R. N. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Captain Chamier is known to us already by the tale, originally printed in Blackwood, entitled "The Green Hand—a Short Yarn," which we consider the finest sea story ever written. Nothing of Captain Marryatt's bears any comparison with it. The descriptions of sea scenery in particular, are painted with magical power, and the nautical characters are unrivalled for graphicality and likelihood. Jack Adams' therefore may be accounted by inference, worth reading. The book is founded on the well known history of the settlement of Pitcairns Island by the mutineers of the ship Bounty, which Byron has also used in his poem of "The Mutineer."

THE SPORTSMAN'S VADE MECUM. Edited by FRANK FORRESTER. Stringer & Townsend, Broadway, New York.

Nothing need be said to sportsmen in praise of a work on which Frank Forester has printed his name. It may only be remarked, that the present volume, excepting some judicious remarks on the loading and carriage of guns, is devoted to the Dog, and contains full instruction in all that relates to the breeding, rearing, breaking, kennelling, and conditioning of that animal; including numerous valuable recipes for the treatment of the diseases which afflict the canine race. The work is, furthermore, profusely illustrated by wood engravings, showing the character and position of the dog when suffering disease, and is, in a word, very valuable to all parties concerned.

PHILLY AND KIT, OR LIFE AND RAIMENT. By CAROLINE CHESEBRO'. J. S. Redfield, N. Y. For sale by C. Desilver, Philadelphia.

Miss Chesebro's novels are always powerful and earnest. The "still, sad music of humanity," breathes through the two tales the title of this book includes. With some artificiality and lack of verisemblance, they have great nobility of thought, and teach a sweet and solemn lesson.

BROUGHAM'S DRAMATIC WORKS. Samuel French, N. Y. For sale by Lippincott & Grambo, Philadelphia.

Here are half a dozen of Brougham's clever dramatizations and original plays. Our friends who get up private theatricals, will find the book serviceable. It is also very entertaining reading. Dr. Shelton Mackenzie preludes the plays with a neat, but brief and entirely Irish, biographical sketch of the author.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER: A VIEW OF THE PRODUCTIVE FORCES OF MODERN SOCIETY, AND THE RESULTS OF LABOR, CAPITAL AND SKILL. By CHARLES KNIGHT. Revised and edited, with additions, by DAVID A. WELLS, A. M. Gould & Lincoln, Boston. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This is a reprint of an English work. The author, Mr. Charles Knight, is known not only as an eminent London publisher, but as the editor and author of the "Penny Magazine," "Penny Cyclopedia," "The Results of Machinery," and other popular works of great practical value. The design of the present book is to unfold the nature and variety of the various productive forces of modern society, and to show the results which have been accomplished by the union of labor, capital and skill. This is admirably done. The book manifests thorough acquaintance with its subject, wide reading and careful thought; and is written in a strong and simple style, without pedanticism or obscurity. It is entirely Saxon in its practicality and sense. The editor, Mr. Wells, has done his part well, having expurgated all matter of a merely local character, and thus rendered the book more useful, and altogether more intelligible to the American reader. The work is profusely illustrated with curious and well executed wood engravings. We do not mean to be understood to imply, that Mr. Knight is not finite and fallible, or that his opinions may not sometimes be unsound; but the general character of the work is that of sterling excellence. It cannot fail to deeply interest and instruct the thoughtful reader; and is peculiarly valuable, we think, to the young, as a good presentation of the principles which govern society, and as affording a broad view into the constitution thereof. Social prosperity in the years to be, depends so much on the youth of the present generation, that it seems well they should have a right understanding of the scene on which they are to enter, before they cross the threshold, and "begin the world."

INTRODUCTION TO SOCIAL SCIENCE. By GEORGE H. CALVERT. J. S. Redfield, N. Y. For sale by C. Desilver, Philadelphia.

Mr. Calvert is well known to the literary world as the author of "Scenes and Thoughts in Europe," a book of great merit. The present volume consists of three essays on Socialism. But it is a Socialism very different from that of the French theorists. Persons who wish to know what this Socialism really is and proposes to do, will find instruction in these eloquent, scholarly, and humane pages. Of course, Mr. Calvert is himself, a socialist, and his book is written *con amore*. But let nobody suppose he has hoofs and horns, for it's not so.

THE YOUTH OF THE OLD DOMINION. By SAMUEL HOPKINS. John P. Jewett & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

These are narratives of the early history of Virginia, cast in the form of romances. The facts are rigidly adhered to, and only draped in fiction. The book gives evidence of industry and research, and has much interest.

THEOGNIS: A LAMP IN THE CAVERN OF EVIL. By CATES JUNIOR. Wentworth & Co., Boston. For sale by Peck & Bliss, Philadelphia.

This seems to be a semi-theological treatise on the nature of evil. At all events it is extremely silly. The book is absolutely nonsense, and deserves no notice.

WAYSIDE SONGS. By EDWARD C. GOODWIN. Mason Brothers, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A little volume of poems which evince sensibility and gentle feeling, and have tolerable poetic merit.

GLEANINGS: SOME WHEAT—SOME CHAFF. By Miss A. A. Goddard. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

YANKEE TRAVELS THROUGH THE ISLAND OF CUBA. By Demoticus Philalethes. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

FRENCH'S AMERICAN DRAMA. Vol. I. Saml. French, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

ARPENWOLD. Livermore & Rudd, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

LINDA; OR, THE YOUNG PILOT. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

CATERPILLARS.

Messrs. Editors: As this is the time of year in which farmers and others are destroying the nests of caterpillars on their fruit trees, which this season about here are proving very destructive both to the tree and young fruit, allow me, through your very interesting columns, to furnish your readers with an effectual remedy for getting rid of them.

Boil a sufficient quantity of tobacco to make a strong solution of juice, then in that put a shovelfull or so of lime; apply this to the nests with a pole, to the end of which is tacked some strips of strong cloth, and if properly rubbed, I will guarantee no more worms will trouble the trees.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Hamilton Co., Ohio, May 6, 1856.

☞ An exchange paper makes a good hit when it says: "We saw Gabriel Ravel put a lady's dress out once which had caught on fire! Why not Ravel for the next President?"

☞ THE HUMAN VOICE.—The sweetest music is not in the oratorio, but in the human voice, when it speaks from its instant life tones of tenderness, truth, and courage.—*Emerson.*

☞ The bitter in England's cup.—GALT.

☞ Coleman, the dramatist, was asked if he knew Theodore Hook. "Yes," replied the wit, "Hook and Eye are old associates."

☞ Lorenzo Dow once said of a grasping, avaricious farmer, that if he had the whole world enclosed in a single field, he would not be content without a patch of ground on the outside for potatoes.

☞ As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence.

☞ He that knows useful things, and not he that knows many things, is the wise man.

☞ EDUCATION.—Every system of teaching must be defective which has no reference to the characteristic talent of the scholar who, though he may be a dunce in classics, and slow of recollection, may possess a turn of mind which will one day lead him to great discoveries, and rank its possessor amongst the most eminent of mankind.

☞ A CHILD'S IDEA OF WEALTH.—"Mother," said a little boy, a few days since, "I don't think Mr. T.'s folks are very poor." "Why, my son?" "Because they keep a *cat*!"

☞ A QUESTION FOR GEOLOGISTS.—What is the reason, that although we are frequently told of mother Nature's convulsions, we never hear her falling into hysterics?

☞ PAINTING BY HOSE.—Painting is now in London by a hose. A reservoir of the paint color is set on a parapet, and the workman uses a hollow brush connected therewith by means a length of half-inch hose; and the consequence is, that he works away with a never ceasing supply; and if he stays to look about him, we may imagine he will very speedily make a mess of it.

Life in Paris.

BREAKING UP OF CONGRESS—DIPLOMATISTS TRAVELLING—MOVEMENTS IN ITALY—HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS—SIGNS OF THE TIMES—INDUSTRIAL HONORS—AN ILLUSTRIOUS FISHERMAN AND A VERY BAD PUN—AN EDIFYING CEREMONY—ALARM AMONG THE EDITORS—WORK AND GLORY.

PARIS, April 20, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Four days ago the Congress terminated its labors; and most of the plenipotentiaries have already quitted this city. The signatures of England, France, Austria, Prussia, and Sardinia, have already been officially appended to the Treaty of Peace; those of Russia and Turkey are expected about the end of this month. It is thought that a new Congress will be convened to discuss various important questions connected with the internal affairs of Europe; but as yet we have only rumors upon this subject.

The fact, however, that the Marquis de Colloredo and Lord Normanby are gone to Rome, M. de Hubner to Turin, the Count de Cavour and Baron Seebach to London, and that Count Orloff (who will remain in this part of the world until after the coronation of Alexander II., which he is to have the honor of announcing to Napoleon III.) suddenly remembering that he has a son staying in Naples for the benefit of his health, has gone to that city, gives much additional weight to the rumors of some intention of interference—probably by means of observations addressed to the Italian Governments—on the part of France and England, so energetically asserted by one portion of the political world, and as energetically denied by the other.

The abuses of the Italian Governments, so well known to the rest of the world, are evidently bringing the irritation of the Italians to the immediate neighborhood of an explosion. The Duchess, Regent of Parma, has invited a large body of Austrian troops into that unfortunate little duchy; these troops are occupying the fortresses along the Piedmontese frontier, and Piedmont is sending an army of observation to watch the doings of these unwelcome intruders upon Italian soil. Arrests are taking place from one end of the Peninsula to the other, so that the prisons are described as filled to overflowing, and insufficient to hold the crowds of persons taken up on the most futile charges, or merely "on suspicion," and kept for weeks and months in the most horrible and disgusting condition, without even the semblance of a trial. The priests, seized upon, one cannot but hope, by that "judicial blindness" which was said in old times to precede a final overthrow, are stretching their pretensions to a length which it seems impossible they can seriously imagine will be submitted to by the world of this nineteenth century; the police have orders, in many parts of Italy, to arrest all who shall omit to kneel on the pavement when the host is carried by, no matter what the state of the weather; a special order of barefooted friars is empowered to go into the houses and kitchens of the inhabitants on fast-days, and cause the arrest of all who shall be found to have infringed the rules of the Romish Church with regard to diet on these occasions, also to search the most private apartments, furniture, and papers of the citizens, and to denounce any circumstance, object, or document that may appear to them "suspicious;" in fact, to make the most minute examinations into the homes and lives of the community; a fine of some eighteen *baiocchi*, levied on all against whom these agents of an unscrupulous authority choose to lodge a complaint, and of which one-half is given to the informer, being the first step in the proceedings immediately instituted by the priests against their victims.

"Italy is now a seething volcano, and the explosion may take place at any moment," writes an observer by no means given to exaggerate the intensity of popular feeling. In fact the abuses and misery that fill this beautiful but most unhappy country, are becoming so monstrous, and so undeniable, that the most persistant advocates of the *statu quo* are beginning to admit that such a state of things is not tolerable.

In the conversations which it seems impossible to doubt have taken place on this subject in the latter sessions of the Congress, England is believed to have insisted with great warmth and pertinacity, supported by Piedmont, on the absolute necessity incumbent upon all Governments of introducing into the administration of their respective states the constitutional reforms called for by the aspirations and needs of their subjects; and upon the equal impossibility, for the rest of Europe, of tolerating in any portion of the European commonwealth, a state of things which necessitates the permanent occupation of the same by foreign troops, and thus, by keeping up a smouldering fire of revolt among its people, endangers the tranquillity and well-being of the rest.

This doctrine, very unpalatable to Austria, is understood to have been violently opposed by the Austrian plenipotentiary, backed by Russia, who insisted on the right of all Governments to do as they please within their own borders, and to call in, and keep there, as many foreign bayonets as they might deem necessary to their safety. The discussions are said to have run very high on this subject at the last meeting of the Congress; and Lord Clarendon, the most courteous of diplomatists, is understood to have applied the term "infernal" to the line of policy pursued by Austria in Italy; a term certainly more just than diplomatic.

But however sharply the members of the Congress may have argued among themselves, nothing can exceed the good-fellowship and politeness of their intercourse in public. And so thoroughly is the courtesy of the dining-table the order of the day just now, that the infection has caught even the menials connected with the great people now playing so conspicuous a part in the politics and hospitalities of the epoch; the servants of the Minister of Foreign Affairs having clubbed together and given a grand dinner to the servants of the plenipotentiaries, at a favorite *guinguette* at the Batignolles, just outside the barriers. The entertainment is understood to have been characterized by great warmth of feeling and animation of expression on all sides, and to have gone off with the utmost harmony and *eclat!*

The growing taste for Diplomatic dinners and civil splendors is truly a "sign of the times;" and by no means an unimportant one; for these peaceful and very agreeable demonstrations being incompatible with war, the latter will by-and-bye be voted, by those who have hitherto amused themselves in playing this murderous game, to be not only a waste and a horror, but a nuisance and bore, and some less troublesome method than the barbarous appeal to the sword will be hit upon by rulers and statesmen intent upon pleasanter international intercourse than that of the battlefield.

The Belgians have even now, scarcely finished the long list of dinners, dances, and speechifyings which the court and the country have been getting up in honor of the lucky individuals—artists, manufacturers, and work-people—who received medals or mentions at the Paris Exhibition; and the King of Portugal has just presided at a magnificent entertainment got up in Lisbon in honor of the Portuguese exhibitors, who have come in for the same distinctions. The excellent address made by the young King on this occasion, in which he expresses, with a warmth and earnestness that do equal credit to his head and his heart, his firm determination to do all that in him lies to promote the material, intellectual and moral progress of his native land, and to aid the development of the well being and happiness of all classes of his people, was received with enthusiasm in his little kingdom, and has been read with great satisfaction by all the rest of Europe.

Another fact just mentioned here with regard to the late brilliant exhibition, is not without interest, as another evidence of the "slow results" being worked out in human things by the great Reformer, Time.

During the Paris Exhibition the Chamber of Commerce of Bordeaux, like many others, subscribed a sum of money to defray the expenses of a number of the most intelligent foremen and workmen of the Department of the Gironde, whom they sent to the capital to examine the collection of Industrial product displayed in the Champs Elysees.

This deputation, consisting of twenty-three foremen, eighty-four skilled workmen, and twenty-one day-laborers, appears to have made the most excellent use of the opportunities it enjoyed. All its members not only diligently examined the various departments with which they are connected; but took copious notes of all they learned with regard to them. These notes have lately been submitted to the Chamber of Commerce, which has expressed its approbation of their clearness and fulness in the strongest terms, and states that "they may be consulted with interest and profit by all classes."

While those who are still busily employed in performing the various branches of the world's work are thus being held up to honor, and in many instances—as in the case of those who have received recompenses of a certain order at the Paris Exhibition—handsome presents in hard cash, and even pensions, from their respective Governments; the Emperor of Russia, who is visiting the western shores of his vast empire, has just been laying, in the little town of Borgo, the foundation-stone of the monument to be erected to the memory of the fisherman Beukels, from the proceeds of a subscription set on foot for this purpose before the war broke out between that country and Turkey.

"And pray, who is the fisherman Beukels," I hear some of your readers exclaiming, "and why should Russia erect a monument to his memory?"

I hasten to reply, that the fisherman Beukels, who was born at Biervliet, near Ecluse, about the middle of the Fourteenth Century, was one of those rare individuals in whom common-sense assumes almost the proportions of genius, and who strike out, for the benefit of humanity through all coming times, those luminous ideas which, once seen, it seems incredible that the world did not arrive at ages before. The luminous thought which caused the name of the immortal Beukels thus to shine through the darkness of centuries was neither more nor less than the very simple idea of salting and packing the vast masses of herrings that arrive yearly on the shores of the barren north, and which up to the time when this useful suggestion first occurred to him, were almost entirely lost to the world by the rapid decomposition of the fish, which, though sent into the interior of the countries on whose shores it was taken, was usually spoiled before it reached their markets.

Having instructed his own countrymen in the process of preserving "the manna of the north," as the harvest of herrings has very well been named since the revolution operated by the fishermen Beukels, he went over to Finland, and showed the *Finns* of the shore (excuse the enormity!) how to deal with their brethren of the sea.

The new process soon spread through all the Baltic provinces, whose the memory of its inventor has been held in great reverence ever since. Beukels returned to his village toward the end of his life, and died there in 1397. The Emperor Charles the Fifth visited his tomb, and Peter the Great granted a pension to one of his descendants.

The laying of the first stone of the monument in honor of the old fisherman was performed with the utmost splendor and solemnity. All the various corporations of seamen and fishermen from all points of the Russian coasts, attended in their uniforms, with banners and music; and the Emperor, followed by his brilliant staff, and attended by the high functionaries of the town and province, was received with the utmost enthusiasm by the crowds who had assembled to witness the ceremony.

Alexander II. is described as being a remarkably intelligent and amiable man; and under his wiser and more generous rule, it seems hardly doubtful that a great and most beneficial change will be operated in the tendencies and development of Russia. In his late proclamation upon the peace, the young Emperor virtually breaks with the long aggressive policy of his predecessors, and frankly pledges himself to the great task of regenerating and advancing the internal condition of all classes of his subjects; to which inauguration of a juster and wiser policy the rest of the world must respond with a hearty "God speed him."

The Empress Marie, a very superior and most amiable woman, and who is known to be warmly in favor of western ideas and progress, has very great influence with her husband, and the new policy of the Russian Government is probably to be traced, in some degree, to her efforts.

A religious ceremony, called the *relevailles*, has just been gone through with at the Tuileries, on the occasion of the Empress's quitting her room for the first time since her confinement. An altar, with *prie-dieu*, and all the other accessories of a private chapel, was fitted up in one of her apartments, and to this room, attended by her ladies and the officers of her household, and a crowd of servants and valets, went the Empress Eugenie, in all the pomp of "purple and fine linen," which figures so conspicuously in the ritual of the descendants of the fishermen of Galilee. Her majesty, conformably to the programme of the Duke de Cambaceres, was accompanied by the Princess d'Essling on her right, carrying a great wax candle, on which were stuck thirteen golden Napoleons (each worth somewhat over $5,) and on the left by the Duchess d'Albans, carrying a small loaf in a golden dish. The shifting of these objects from the hands of the ladies to those of the Empress, and from hers to those of the priest, their being placed on the altar, turned, presented, and given back again a dozen times over—the changes of posture and of place of the various actors in the ceremony, the "profound bow" which, at one point of the programme, one of the valets had to make to the Empress, and a crowd of details, all, as the French would say, "more absurd than the others," make up a tissue of such utter nonsense that all Paris has been laughing at it. But their Majesties, although it seems now that the Pope is not coming to the christening, are determined to set the most edifying example of pious exactitude with regard to all the usages and ceremonials of the Church of Rome.

As to the taper, with its thirteen Napoleons, and the loaf in its golden dish, the last movement they underwent, deposited them safely in the hands of the reverend almoner, with whom they quietly remain.

Of the "voluntary subscription" now being collected from house to house by police-agents, and destined to get up a present for the Empress, I shall have some curious incidents to relate in a future letter, showing how they manage this sort of thing in this country.

A literary journal called *Le Revue de Paris*, appearing every fortnight, with a subscription list of certainly not over a couple of thousand, having nothing to do with politics, and of the most inoffensive character, has just received a "first warning," but unaccompanied by any explanation or indication of what may thus have given offence to "the powers that be." The editors declare to all their friends that they have re-examined every page of the recriminated number, and cannot, for the life of them, imagine what can be the motive of this blow. As the Government has the "right," according to the present Constitution, to suppress any periodical after the third of these "warnings," you may imagine the dismay of the press in general at this new development of governmental susceptibility, and the right it now assumes, for the first time, of inflicting a "warning" without stating the grounds of its displeasure.

It seems incredible that such tyranny can be tolerated in such a land as this. But the people, who have hitherto done the street-fighting that has decided the fate of governments and revolutions, are utterly weary of overthrowing one form of tyranny and injustice only to see another usurp its place. As long as the blows fall on the rich, whom they hate, and on the literary classes whom they despise as "empty prators," they don't care what the Government does; and angry as the more enlightened and liberal part of the community may be at these acts of arbitrary power, as long as Louis Napoleon finds work for the unoccupied laborers, and "glory" for the national vanity, he will have no difficulty in maintaining the power on which he has seized.

QUANTUM.

☞ It is a curious natural fact, that the horse has the singular property of breathing through the nostrils only, and not through the mouth; for in the severest exercises, the mouth is never seen open, unless the lower jaw be brought down violently by force of the bit. This may account for the great dilation of the nostrils after hard running.

☞ The word *chuk*, used in calling swine, is the original name of that animal in Persia, where it is still in use. The word is retained, says Webster, in our popular name of *woodchuck*, that is, *wood hog*.

☞ An Irish comedian having appeared before a Dublin audience in an extremely dirty pair of white duck trowsers, a person in the gallery who had heard the observations of those around him, at length bawled out, "I say, Mr. ———, would not your ducks be better for a swim?"

☞ LAST CASE.—"Well, B———, I want that money. When will you pay that bill?" "Oh! well, I'll pay it before—before you get through wanting it."

☞ An exchange paper says: "A clergyman at the South, in sending a sermon for publication in the National Preacher, observes incidentally—'I should have no objection to your obtaining for me the degree of D. D. from some Northern college. I am a very popular man at the South, and I think it would have a tendency to harmonize the North and the South.'"

☞ THE WEATHER IN ENGLAND.—They have had the coldest winter, in England, during 1855, since 1784, the years 1795 and 1814 not excepted, and great injury has been done.

☞ THE VOICE OF PRAISE.—Most people (says Rogers,) endeavor to find fault with their children, and are afraid of praising them for fear of spoiling them. Now I am sure that nothing has a better effect on children than praise. I had a proof of this in Moore's daughter. He used always to be saying to her, "What a good little girl!" and she continued to grow more and more good, till she became too good for this world, and died.

☞ The exaltation of talent, as it is called, above virtue and religion, is the curse of the age; if divorced from rectitude, talent will prove more of a demon than a god.

☞ John Wilbur, whose views relative to certain writings by Joseph John Gurney have created such a sensation among the Society of Friends, recently departed this life, at his residence, in Rhode Island.

☞ Capt. Barnabas Wilkins was as great a blunterer as Bobadil. He was very quarrelsome, but he could never be made to answer for his insolence. One time a comrade, whom he had offended, ordered him to choose his weapon—"the sword or pistol at thirty paces." "Very well," said Captain Barnabas, "I'll choose the sword, at thirty paces."

☞ NEVER DECEIVE YOUR CHILDREN.—The most essential point in our intercourse with children is to be perfectly true ourselves. Every other interest ought to be sacrificed to that of truth. When we in any way deceive a child, we not only show him a pernicious example, but lose our own influence over him for ever. Parents cannot be too guarded in this respect.

☞ FELLING BEECH.—A landed proprietor having seen in some periodical that the best time for cutting beech is the summer, at which period the wood does not become worm-eaten, as it invariably does in a little time when cut in the winter, tried the plan by cutting a tree and having it used as a beam in an old cottage, having the date cut in—1680. It has never been painted or white-washed, and is now as fresh and sound as if just put up.

☞ Right and duty are like two palm trees, which bear fruit only when growing side by side.

FUNNY.—Ticknor & Fields have in press an edition of Browning's Poems, more full than any yet published, but not complete—"Sordello" and some other of his least satisfactory productions being omitted. By the way: Browning recently remarked to a friend, that "Sordello" was an experiment on his part—*every alternate line of the poem as written being omitted from the printed book!* The experiment, he gravely added, did not prove successful—many readers finding the work incomprehensible. Quite likely.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SUING AN ARCHITECT.—The congregation of the First Reformed Dutch Church of Jersey City has sued Mr. Welch, an architect, for $25,000 damages. They employed him to furnish a plan and estimate for building a church. He furnished an estimate, which made the cost $20,000, but the congregation, in erecting the building, has already expended $25,000, and is as yet only half completed.

CONGRESS.

SENATE, May 6th. The morning hour was chiefly occupied with a discussion relative to the proper location of the District of Columbia Armory.

The bill making an appropriation for the construction of a harbor at Marquette, on Lake Superior, Michigan, was also considered.

On May 7th, the Chair appointed a third Committee of Conference on the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, the two former being unable to agree.

On May 8th, the Senate, on motion of Mr. Mason, took up the resolution reported from the Committee on Foreign Relations, declaring that the notice which has been given by the President to Denmark, to terminate the treaty with that Government regulating the payment of the Sound Dues, is sufficient, and that no other or further act of legislation is necessary to put an end to said treaty, as part of the law of the land.

Messrs. Sumner, Seward, Crittenden, Hale, Toombs, Collamer, and Benjamin opposed the resolution, and Messrs. Clayton and Bayard supported it.

On May 9th, the House bill giving a million and a half of acres of land to Iowa, to aid in the construction of Railroads, was passed by a vote of 31 to 9

Mr. James, from the Committee on Patents, reported a bill amendatory of the Patent Laws, the object being to protect the public against the oppressive use of invalid patents, and the really meritorious inventor from the piracies of dishonest infringers. The Senate then adjourned till Friday.

On the 12th, Mr. Crittenden moved a reconsideration of the vote by which the Iowa Railroad bill was passed on Friday.

Mr Pugh presented a memorial from the Philadelphia, Fort Wayne, and Platte River Air Line Railroad Co., praying for an amendment to the Iowa Railroad Land bill, as in its present form it interferes with their rights.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES on May 6th, Mr. Bennett, of New York, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported a bill granting alternate sections of lands in Iowa, in aid of Railroads now in progress of construction.

Mr. Stephens made an ineffectual effort to offer an amendment extending the rights, privileges, and liabilities heretofore conferred on Iowa, to Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri and Kansas, for the purpose of aiding in the construction of a Railroad from Vicksburgh to Lecompton, and granting public lands to the same extent and on the same terms and restrictions.

Mr. Bennett said that thus adding 1,600 miles of railroad would break down his bill.

Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, moved to lay the subject upon the table, which was disagreed to—yeas 45, nays 95.

On May 7th, a spirited debate took place on the subject of the failure of agreement on the part of the Committee of Conference on the Deficiency Appropriation Bill. In the course of the debate, Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, defended the course of the Committee of Ways and Means, relative to the appropriation items.

Mr. Giddings wished to know whether Mr. Campbell was aware that $27,000 of the expenses of the Judiciary was to pay for the reclamation of fugitive slaves?

Mr. Campbell took it for granted that the money was necessary to the execution of the laws. If any law was odious to the people, modify or repeal it. He would aid the Executive to practically carry out his oath to support the Constitution.

Mr. Giddings did not deny the duty of the Executive to enforce the laws, but he denied that the Marshal for the Southern District of Ohio, had a right to squander the funds by employing 450 special Deputy Marshals, in Cincinnati, to return fugitive slaves to Kentucky. He would sooner die in the committee room than grant it.

Mr. Campbell—I understand my colleague. He agrees with me as to the duty of the President to execute the laws, including the Fugitive Slave Act, to which he and I am opposed.

Mr. Giddings—If I were President I would imitate Jefferson. Where an unconstitutional law was on the statute book I would treat it as such.

Mr. Campbell dissented from Mr. Giddings. If the position taken by the latter was adopted, namely, that the President should assume judicial functions, and decide on the laws independently of the Supreme Court, there would be but one step further for him to take to become a despot—that was to assume the powers of legislation.

After further debate, the subject being still unconcluded, the House adjourned.

On May 8th, the House, as well as the Senate, adopted the report of the Joint Committee of Conference regarding the bill amendatory of the Bounty Land Law of 1855. It provides that parol evidence, where no record exists, may be admitted to prove the performance of military service, and construes the eighth section of that Act to embrace officers, marines, seamen and other persons engaged in the naval service during the revolutionary war, and their widows and minor children, and allowing, to complete the time of service, one day for every twenty miles from the place where the troops were organized to the muster ground, and on their return after being discharged.

Mr. Pennington offered the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the President, if compatible with the public interests, communicate such information as may be in his possession touching the recent disturbances at Panama, and the interruption on either of the routes on foreign territory between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and what measures have been taken for the protection of American interests relative to the same.

The House resumed the consideration of its disagreements to the amendments of the Senate to the Deficiency Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Giddings earnestly attacked an item for expenses of judiciary in Ohio, and was warmly condemning the application of money to discharge arrearages contracted for in returning fugitive slaves to Kentucky, when he suddenly fainted and fell to the floor. The members immediately rushed to his assistance and conveyed him to a sofa near an open window, and the House was for a time the scene of much excitement. After various suggestions among the members for a recess, it was agreed to change the business under consideration and receive reports for an hour.

The House took up and passed the bill granting upwards of a million and a-half of acres of land to the State of Iowa, in aid of Railroads therein. Yeas 79—nays 50.

Mr. Smith, of Alabama, from the Committee on Elections, reported a resolution that the parties to the New Mexico contested election be authorized to appear before the House, either in person or by counsel, to defend their respective claims.

Some debate ensued on the expediency of permitting counsel to appear, and the question was passed over.

Mr. Giddings having returned to the Hall, and the Deficiency Bill being again under consideration, he concluded the remarks in which he was engaged at the time he fainted. He referred to Kansas affairs and the war in Oregon, condemning the proceedings in both territories. The House then adjourned.

On May 9th, a debate occurred on the proposition to appoint a third Committee of Conference on the Deficiency bill. Mr. Phelps defended the people of Missouri from the charge of treason, which he alleged Mr. Giddings had previously brought against them.

Mr. Giddings, interrupting, explained his statement, which he said was, that the people of Missouri by collecting an armed body for the purpose of usurping the government of Kansas, had committed treason, and under the laws and constitution were guilty of the charge. Mr. Phelps denied the charge, saying that such an idea only existed in the disdempered imagination of the author. The Missourians who went to Kansas in November and December last, were for maintaining the laws, and the scenes of bloodshed that ensued were properly attributable to the friends of Mr. Giddings. After further debate, the proposition to appoint a third Committee of Conference on the Deficiency bill was adopted.

On May 10th, the House met at noon, being the first Saturday session held since its organization by the election of Mr. Banks.

Mr. Fuller, of Pennsylvania, defined his political position. He avowed broad national principles, stigmatized as forgeries certain hallucinations attributing to him extreme Northern views, and explained his position, past and present, with regard to the slavery question. He exposed what he characterized as marked inconsistencies in the career of Mr. Buchanan, and by reference to documents, endeavored to show that some prominent Pennsylvania Democrats, including several delegates to the Cincinnati Convention, were tainted with Free-soilism.

Mr. Todd, of Pennsylvania, explained that he had ceased voting for Mr. Fuller for Speaker, because he had previously been mistaken in believing that Mr. F. was as good an anti-Nebraska man as Mr. Banks.

Mr. Jones, of Pennsylvania, gave notice of an intention to reply to the speech of Mr. Fuller.

Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, in his late circular to his constituents, giving certain expressions against slavery attributed to Mr. Fuller, which the latter gentleman denounced as forgeries, interrogated Mr. F. with regard to the sentiments attributed to him. To these Mr. Fuller responded, but not to the satisfaction of Mr. Jones.

The House at the conclusion of this scene, adjourned.

On the 12th, the question on suspending the rules to enable Mr. Clingman to offer his resolution for the better protection of American citizens, was rejected, yeas 53, nays 78.

On motion of Mr. Barbour, the President was requested to inform the House whether the United States soldiers in Kansas had been employed to arrest persons charged with violations of the supposed laws of a supposed Legislature of said Territory, assembled at the Shawnee Mission; and if such soldiers had been so employed, to inform the House by what authority they had been so employed.

NEWS ITEMS.

ATTEMPT TO SEIZE A STEAMER FRUSTRATED.—On the 1st of April the Transit Company's steamer Cortes, on her arrival at San Juan del Sur, with $120,000 in gold on board, was boarded by four men with authority from Walker to seize her in his name. The Captain, with great politeness, invited them into the cabin, and while treating them to champagne, slipped his anchor and quietly put to sea, towing three ships, loaded with coal, which Walker also intended to seize, and likewise carrying off a passenger who had $4,000 in gold for the General.

FATAL DUEL.—A duel occurred on Saturday, May 4th, on the North Carolina State line, between Dr. Wilkins and Mr. Flanner, of Wilmington, N. C. Three shots were fired, and the duel terminated in the death of Dr. Wilkins.

LOSSES BY FIRES.—The month just expired will be memorable for its disastrous conflagrations. So far as we have information, there occurred during this period thirty-two fires where the loss exceeded $10,000 in each instance, (thirteen of which originated in manufacturing establishments,) and the aggregate loss resulting reaches the enormous aggregate of $1,847,000. A fire at Galena destroyed property to the value of $300,000; one at Baltimore, at $165,000; one at Philadelphia, $850,000; one at Boston, $200,000, and one at Nashville, Tennessee, $200,000. In addition, destructive conflagrations have swept through the forests of Virginia, inflicting serious losses.

LYNCH LAW IN TEXAS.—The San Antonio (Texas) Herald says, that the citizens in the vicinity of New Braunfels, had arrested Woodson Bleasingame, his wife and son, charged with the murder of Captain Callahan and Mr. Johnson, on the 10th ult., and placed a guard over them. Hearing, however, the possibility of their escape from punishment, the citizens took the prisoners from the guard, and shot the father dead. The son then made an attempt to escape, when he too was shot dead.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING AT SEA.—The British bark Blake, sailed from Ship Island, Miss., on the 8th of February, for Cork, with pitch pine plank. On 12th of March she became waterlogged, and the crew took refuge in the rigging and tops. Next day, in a terrific hurricane, the vessel capsized, when seven of the crew were drowned, the decks ripped up, and all the provisions washed overboard. After seventeen days' suffering from hunger and exposure, the survivors were taken off the wreck by the schooner Pigeon, of St. Johns, N. F., and carried there. From the 18th to the 29th of March they had nothing to eat but one rat and the body of one of their companions.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.—At the anniversary meeting of the American Tract Society on May 7th, at the Tabernacle, N. Y., after a very stormy discussion relative to the course of the Executive Committee respecting slavery, a committee of investigation was voted, and the old officers elected by a large majority.

ANTI-FOOT.—Commodore Isaac S. Sterrett, of the U. S. sloop-of-war Decatur, having been placed on the retired list, on furlough pay, by the Naval Board, the entire crew of the Decatur have protested against the action of that body, and have resolved to petition the Secretary of the Navy to reinstate him.

A few days ago a delegate to the M. E. Conference, having occasion to visit New York, met in the cars a polite and well-informed gentleman, who entertained him, during his journey to Gotham, with an elaborate discourse on the drainage of meadows. The poor clergyman found on his arrival in New York, that his pocket had been "drained" of a wallet containing $17 and some other valuables.

Texas bacon is coming into the markets of that State, and is said to be almost equal to the celebrated ham of Westphalia.

The smallest bank in the United States is the Bank of Cayuga Lake, at Painted Post, N. Y., with $10,000 capital.

GETTING ENLIGHTENED.—Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres, are now lighted by gas.

We understand that there have been sales in New Haven of Jerome Clock Company paper, endorsed by Barnum, as low as 16 cents on the dollar.

Five noblemen, the Dukes of Sutherland, Athol, Argyle and Burleigh, with the Marquis of Bradilham, own one fourth of Scotland, and 2,000 proprietors possess one third of the land of the three kingdoms.

LIQUOR TROUBLES.—At Detroit, Michigan, on the 9th inst., great excitement was caused by the arrest of four persons for violation of the Prohibitory Liquor Law. The military were called out to maintain order. An attempt to mob the informer failed, and the trial proceeded without further difficulty.

ROBBERY.—The railroad office in Lambertville, N. J., was entered on May 9th, and robbed of $5,000 of the Hunterdon county bank bills. The stolen notes consist of $1,000 in $10 notes; $1,500 in $5 notes; and $2,500 in notes of smaller denominations. A large reward is offered for the recovery of the money.

DIGGING THEIR OWN GRAVES—SHOT INTO THEM.—Those men belonging to the command of Col. Schlesinger, who were taken by the Costa Ricans and executed by them, were made to perform an unwelcome service just before their exit. Having been condemned to death, and their fate announced, the victims were compelled to dig their own graves, and when done, made to kneel upon the margin of the trench dug, when they were shot dead—falling readily into the pit their own hands had dug.

A PRIZE.—A seal was recently caught in the marshes of the Roanoke river, in N. Carolina, which yielded three gallons of oil. It is said to be the first ever seen in that region.

NORWEGIANS IN WISCONSIN.—The Madison (Wis.) Journal, learns that the Norwegian population of Dane county, amounts to 6,628 persons. They constitute the majority of the inhabitants in several of the towns, and are industrious and good citizens.

POLICY.—It is not generally known, and nevertheless it is a fact, that England was petitioned by the Republic of Costa Rica, some years back, when Mr. Chatfield was Charge d'Affaires for Central America, that State earnestly demanding England's protectorate, in view of North American encroachments; and that Lord Palmerston, then at the head of the Foreign Office, refused positively to grant it.

AN IMPROVED PIANO FORTE.—A new piano forte has been invented, which has two keyboards, and is said to have a power greater than two grand pianos. The principle of construction consists in the movement being placed around a hollow cylinder, which is placed perpendicularly within the body of the instrument.

EXPENSIVE PAPER CARRYING.—A Massachusetts post rider the other day charged a newspaper publisher $18 for delivering twenty copies of his paper for six months. The whole value of the subscriptions for the time was $16.

PROGRESS.—A pamphlet has been published at Ning-po, in the Chinese tongue, explaining the principles of, and benefits derivable from, the electric telegraph. The author—an Englishman—founds the basis of his argument upon a frequent observation of Confucius, "How delightful to have a friend brought near from afar."

HIS SNAKESHIP AGAIN.—The sea serpent has shown himself again, at Great Egg Harbor. This time he was only 40 feet long, but as big round as a hogshead, with very large sparkling eyes.

THE FIRE FRENZY.—At the National Theatre in Washington, a few weeks since, during the performance Mr. Forrest grasped the hand of Mrs. Muzzy so heartily, that he compressed it entirely out of shape, giving her the most exquisite pain. Mrs. M. has since had her hand bound in splints, and the pain has been so constant and excessive as to deprive her of all sleep for three or four nights. She now has the attendance of a surgeon.

HIPPOPHAGY.—Prof. St. Hilaire, a distinguished German *savant*, has lately delivered two lectures on the advantages of bringing horse flesh into use as food. He says the horse is herbiverous, and no deleterious element enters into its food or structure.

THE ISTHMUS AFFRAY.—By latest advices the U. S. sloop of war St. Mary was at Panama, and her commander had instituted an inquiry into the causes of the late affray. A warm correspondence had taken place between him and the Governor of Panama. It is now believed that the riot did not originate in the desire for plunder.

OUR NATIVE WINES.—The Ohio Valley Farmer estimates, from statistics of the Horticultural Society, that there are two thousand acres of Catawba vines in cultivation in the vicinity of Cincinnati, of which 1600 acres are in full bearing. By the average production of the last few years this area of vines will yield 500,000 gallons of wine, which yield must, in a short time be doubled. The demand for the wine is increasing faster than the supply.

DEATH OF PERCIVAL, THE POET.—Dr. James G. Percival, one of the first of American poets, died in Wisconsin, on Friday, May 3d.

COURAGEOUS WOMAN.—In Jersey City, a few days since, a bold attempt was made at robbery. About midnight the lady of the house woke up, and seeing the burglar, demanded the cause of his intrusion, when he stopped to her bedside, and raising his clenched fist said, "Lie still or I'll take your life!" "Take my life, ha!" responded our undaunted heroine, "take care that you don't have your own taken!" and suiting the action to the word, she said, "John, hand me that pistol!" Now, although there was no John in the room, (the heroic lady being all alone,) yet her Spartan courage had the desired effect, and the burglar, with several of his accomplices, fled from the premises without carrying off any booty.

NEWS FROM DESERET.—Advices have been received from Salt Lake City up to the 27th of February. The Indians have been very troublesome to the dwellers in the Salt Lake Valley, and Governor Young had issued a proclamation calling upon all to arm themselves and prepare for defence. An Indian camp was visited by one of the civil officers to recover stolen horses. A fight ensued, one Indian and a squaw were killed, and one Mormon also.

There is just complaint of the wickedness which is creeping into the brotherhood of Saints. President Kimball, at the Tabernacle, on the 25th of February, denounced it in the strongest style, saying that he would try to slay the man who undertakes to corrupt the people. He says:

"I am opposed to corruption; I wish every man to keep himself pure, whether he is Jew, or Gentile, or Latter Day Saint; keep yourselves pure. I do not allow my women to fondle with other men, or to sit in their laps, and they must not suffer other men to hug and kiss them; if they do, I will cast them off. Let my wives alone, and let my daughters alone, except you have my permission to pay them attention, and do as you would wish to be done by. I talk plainly. I am not afraid, for I am my heavenly Father's friend, and I am friend to all His sons and daughters, whether they make profession of religion or not, but they must not undertake to pollute this people. I delight to have strangers come to my house, and they shall have the privilege of visiting and associating with me, and I will associate with them, on condition that they behave like true gentlemen."

There is a regular Dramatic Association at Salt Lake City, performing every Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

An election was to be held for delegates to a Convention, with a view to the admission of Utah into the Union.

The News is "down on" a practice of the young men to have a piece of looking glass fixed in the inside of their hat, and while pretending to be praying, with their face in their hat, are quietly and slyly looking at the faces of the girls behind them reflected in the glass.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS MOTHER.—The Birmingham (Eng.) Journal prints the following account of a flogging the Prince of Wales received from a poor boy:

"During her Majesty's residence, some years ago, at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, her children were accustomed to ramble along the seashore. Now, it so happened on one occasion that the young Prince of Wales met a boy who had been gathering sea shells. The boy had got a basketfull. The young Prince, presuming upon his high position, thought himself privileged to do what he pleased with impunity. So, without any notice, he upset the basket and shells. The poor lad was very indignant, and observed: 'You do that again, and I'll lick you.' 'Put the shells into the basket,' said the Prince, 'and see if I don't.' The shells were gathered up, and put into the basket. 'Now,' said the lad, 'touch 'em again, old fellow, if you dare,' whereupon the Prince again pitched over the shells. And the lad pitched into him, and gave him such a licking as few Princes ever had. His lip was cut open, his nose knocked considerably out of its perpendicular, and his eyes of a color which might have well become the champion of a prize ring. His disfigured face could not long be concealed from his royal mother. She inquired the cause of his disfigurement. The Prince was silent, but at last confessed the truth. The poor boy was ordered before the Queen. He was asked to tell his story. He did so in a very straightforward manner. At its conclusion, turning to her child, the Queen said: 'You have been rightly served, sir. Had you not been punished sufficiently already, I should have punished you severely. When you commit a like offence, I trust you will always receive a similar punishment.' Turning to the poor boy, she commanded his parents to her presence the following morning. They came, and the result of the interview was that her Majesty told them she had made arrangements for educating and providing for their son, and she hoped he would make good use of the advantages which should be placed within his reach."

IRANISTAN DESERTED.—A correspondent of the Springfield (Mass.) American, who has just been to Iranistan, the late palace seat of P. T. Barnum, says:

A visit to Iranistan, where Barnum lived so lately in all his glory, affords an excellent text for a sermon on the mutability of all mundane affairs. The grounds are neglected; the hothouse has received no more care this winter than enough to keep the plants from freezing—the fountains have forgotten to play—the flowers are coming out amid heaps of leaves and rubbish, which have not been cleared away, and a rail bars the entrance to the deserted palace, whose figurative latch string always used to be out. The robins and sparrows hold undisputed possession of the grounds. Aladdin has lost his palace for a time.

LATER FROM KANSAS.—Col. Sumner has returned to Fort Leavenworth, leaving only a small number of troops at Lawrence. An attempt recently being made to arrest Mr. Spear, of the Kansas Tribune, on a charge of resisting Jones's authority as sheriff, Mrs. Spear dashed a dish of hot water in the face of the Deputy Sheriff, who beat a hasty retreat, to the infinite amusement of his posse of U. S. soldiers. The soldiers are said to be generally Free State men,—and say that they are afraid they would shoot either too high or too low if called upon to fire at their liberty-loving citizens. The evidence taken by the Congressional Committee, so far, is said to be very full and explicit as to the great amount of fraud and outrage at the election.

WESTERN GIANTS IN THEIR SLUMBER.—The Burlington (Iowa) State Gazette says that while some workmen were engaged in excavating for the cellar of Gov. Grimes' new building, on the corner of Main and Valley streets, they came upon an arched vault some ten feet square, which, on being opened, was found to contain eight human skeletons of gigantic proportions. The walls of the vault were about fourteen inches thick, well laid up with cement or indestructible mortar. The vault is about six feet deep from the base to the arch. The skeletons are in a good state of preservation, and we venture to say are the largest human remains ever found, being a little over eight feet long.

DISTRIBUTING THE MEDICINE.—Dewey, the "town agent" for the distribution of the "ardent" in Burlington, Vt., formerly kept a clerk who will make a good treasurer by and by. Having grown quite disgusted with the shabby pretexts that the old tipplers would offer as a reason for "medicine," he grew as sharp in his examinations as a quarantine doctor. One day an old "hard head" asked for a pint of brandy. "What is your difficulty?" inquired the boy. "Why," said the ——, laying his hand pathetically, on his abdomen, "the fact is, I am rather loose." "Well," replied the clerk, "this is no place to get *tight*."

AFFAIRS IN KANSAS.—There is little additional news. Col. Sumner is reported to be encamped with 120 dragoons at Lawrence. On the 27th, he addressed a letter to Gov. Robinson, urging on the people of Kansas the duty of ferreting out the shoo

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

THE OLD JOHN HANCOCK "SCRATCHES GRAVEL."

It was a tough cruise this very last one, at which I am now casting another glance, and though months have passed since our crazy old craft returned us in safety to the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave," the mind still shrinks from the contemplation of past scenes, whose very dangers but served at the time to arouse its latent powers of resistance.

How many men there are, who looking back through the dim and shadowy past at the more prominent adventures of their lives, wonder in vain as to the source of those unknown, because previously untaxed powers of the mind, by which they were enabled in times of pressing need to bear up against and finally overcome dangers and obstacles which, in the quiet moments of after security, seem to have been burthened with certain death and destruction. It is upon one of these "prominent adventures" that I am now looking back, and wondering how some seventy others, as well as myself, should have passed through it without the loss of that readiness of action and self-possession, so essential in moments of unexpected peril to the safety of lives, or the success of an undertaking.

It was but three hours after midnight, and yet the arctic sun was already some degrees above the eastern horizon while the "Old John Hancock," as if ashamed of having overslept herself, was running under a full head of steam from the spot, where only six short hours previously, we had anchored for the night after one of our usual "day's work" of eighteen hours.

Don't smile, reader, we often worked *more* than eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, during those long arctic days.

I would not have any one understand from the fact that the old John was under a full head of steam, that she was rivalling a north river steamer, or even a fair sailing scow in speed, such indeed, being far from the case, as six-and-a-half knots the hour, was the most that she could be prevailed upon to accomplish under the most favorable circumstances. The government agents in sending us to sea in her, doubtless thought that she was "just the vessel for the service," but we, *the interested parties*, after some months experience became impressed with the unpleasant conviction, that she was destined to drown us all some fine morning, either by foundering in a gale or drifting helplessly on some lee shore.

This conviction, as may be supposed, was productive of the most constant watchfulness on our part. I never saw watches kept with more praiseworthy zeal, when the occasion demanded it. Even the crew, who were as conscious as ourselves of the defects of the lame old craft, worked with astonishing energy to keep her afloat until our arrival in San Francisco, and as determinedly avowed their intention of leaving her at that port "whether or no Tom Collins." These unreasonable beings actually looked forward to the crime of desertion, in preference to again "launching out upon the sea" in a vessel whose singular feats and annoying predilections for the shore, had already sprinkled more than one head with gray.

This particular feat, at which I am now glancing back, is by no means the most unpleasant reminiscence of that interesting cruise, and yet when its dangers were past, and we looking back upon them with *pretty much the same feeling* with which small boys gaze upon a savage and lately offensive dog, being secured with a strong chain, I heard the following remark issue from the compressed lips of an old forecastleman who might readily, judging from his looks, have participated in the actions of the war of 1812-14.

"Blast her miserable timbers!" said this indignant Jack Bunsby, "if she'd only them chaps in Congress as her crew, them in the Cabinets for officers, and the old President for captain, I'd as soon see her sink as float, shiver her." And with this emphatic expression of "an opinion as was an opinion," he wondered "how much longer we had to live now?" But to relate the circumstance which had so excited the ire of this *unreasonable being (?)*.

Our old tub, as I have already remarked, was running away from her night's anchorage under a full head of steam. The rugged and snow-patched coast of eastern Siberia was on our right, distant some mile or more; several clustering islands dotted the smooth surface of the Ochotsk Sea on our left; while ahead, we could just see what might be a ship or towering rock, so distorted were all objects in that direction by the great refraction common to high latitudes. We were not long in doubt, however, as to the nature of this distorted object. It seemed to be rising bodily out of the confused horizon, and to be rushing upon us, instead of our slowly approaching *it*. Could this also be refraction? Hardly. Suddenly we guessed the mystery: we had been anchored during the night in the eddy formed by a projecting head-land, but had now steamed out into one of the fearful currents against which we had been so often warned by old, but as we then thought, marvel-loving, whaling captains.

What was to be done now? To attempt to survey in such a millrace would have been absurd. Nevertheless we kept well in with the main land, intending to run between it and the distorted object which had at length resolved itself into three separate masses of towering rock.

The passage looked smooth and beautiful from the mast-head at first, but, as we approached it with our mad velocity, a suspicious looking streak of foam and broken water was gradually discovered to connect the extreme right of the black-looking rocks with the main land. Should this prove to be a reef—but bah! why hunt up unpleasant subjects for thought?

Any one who has ever watched the flying landscape from the window of a railroad car, can form a very fair idea of the appearance which the receding objects here presented to us. Trees, rocks, patches of snow, dark and gloomy looking caves; with here and there a huge boulder, snow-fed torrent, or wandering bear; rushed by us in their constant flight, separate and distinct at first, but finally melting into one conglomerate mass of unrecognizable objects, over which the momentarily withdrawn eye ranged in vain for its former resting place. This was the velocity with which we were going over ground now for the first time passed over to our knowledge—thirteen miles to the hour probably, certainly not less than *twelve*; where would we all be in about one minute of time should the old John suddenly find a reef or sunken rock under her already leaky bow?

Some such question as this was drifting lazily through my mid-watch worn mind, when I was startled by the voice of the captain, who, from his look-out on the topsail yard, ordered our course changed so as to pass *outside* of the rocks, as the streak of broken water before alluded to, was evidently a reef. This discovery was no sooner made than I knew that the "old John" was in another of her disagreeably tight places, and when I heard the rushing tide leaping up our sides in its mad fury, and reflected that we had to steam against that tide before we could round those black and towering piles of basaltic rocks which blocked our path with certain death, my heart for a moment contracted with spasmodic horror and when it again swelled almost to bursting, it was with curses deep and bitter against *those in authority*, whose stupid ignorance or criminal carelessness, had risked the safety of so many lives, by detailing such a vessel for the hazardous undertaking of a surveying voyage around the world.

"If there is any speed in her, it'll have to come out now, or it's all day with us," said a voice at my elbow.

I turned with a look of gloomy inquiry to see the speaker, for the voice, though a familiar one, was so strangely modulated by emotion as to be scarcely recognizable. It was the captain, who having nothing more to discover from aloft, had returned to the deck. Cool, calm, collected, and yet very pale was he; and his voice, though thus strangely modulated by emotion, was firm and bell-like, and his eye bright; partially with moisture, but more than partially with the light of that fire which burns only in the brave man's eye when dangers crowd around him, or in the eagle's glance when it meets the rays of the mid-day sun.

"Yes," he continued in a voice whose forced cheerfulness grated harshly on the nervous ear, "the old John must indeed 'scratch gravel' now, or we are *lost at last*. Tell the chief engineer to fire up, let us have all the steam he can. If the boilers wont bear it, *they must burst*. Even now we are losing ground, and there is not much of it between us and those" ——.

He pointed to the dark and towering masses of loosely-piled basaltic rock, up whose rugged sides the bruised and foaming sea reared its rushing surface, and through whose broken breast it urged its half-spent fury. No gravity existed there of sufficient power to drag the broken waters to a common level; they rolled, and leaped, and surged in their mad course, until obstructed by those hoary upheavals of Nature's past convulsions, and then pressed up their precipitous sides, or through dark and gloomy looking archways, whose slow but constant wearing away was in time destined to reduce those piles to one of the many off-shore reefs so carefully guarded against by coasting vessels.

The general view which met the eye was awful to behold.

Any one who has ever stuck his walking cane in a rushing rivulet, and seen the suddenly arrested water press some inches up towards his hand, then sink even lower than the general surface, then rise again to probably a greater elevation than the first, and all the while gurgling in the unsteady eddy immediately in the rear of the cane; any one, I say, who has ever done this, has a very fair idea of the scene from which the old John was now straining every muscle to deliver us—only in our case the rushing rivulet was a moving ocean, the smooth walking-cane was a rough and towering mountain, and the pleasant gurgling was, as we slowly neared it in spite of rising steam, fast increasing to a deafening roar.

As I have before remarked there were three of these rocks. One immensely large, the others comparatively small. They were separated by passages of probably fifty or sixty feet in width, and were gapped and undermined at the water's edge by several gloomy-looking caves, through and *down* which the rushing sea seemed finding a channel to the very bowels of the earth. It was opposite this largest rock, and distant from it only some three or four hundred yards, that we found ourselves, after the old steamer had rounded-to, and commenced to measure her speed with that of this moving ocean. Immediately in our rear was the largest and most gloomy looking of those downward leading caves. It was large enough, had our masts been taken out, to receive the entire hull of the steamer into its capacious jaws, and towards these capacious jaws we were being urged by a power which the advancing land, slowly advancing, but still *advancing*, told us was greater than our means of resistance.

Send the best helmsman to the wheel. Crowd the furnaces with coal and pitch. Jam down the safety-valve. *Anything for steam*—for steam and close steering are now the only things that can save us.

Backward we go, slowly backward. The old craft, as if conscious of the shattered timbers and mangled forms which but await her touching to spring into existence, trembles in every joint as the tortured boilers bear their increasing power against the whirling screw; seventy revolutions to the minute I think we were then making, and yet backward, slowly backward, towards the yawning death. It was sickening to see a patch of sea-weed, or a drifting log, pass us in their unconscious career, and in less than a minute of time disappear upon the breast of the driving flood. Down, down, how *far*?

Even the whales that had been rubbing their huge sides against our barnacled copper for the last few days, gave one plunge deeper than the rest, and left man to lean upon his whirling screw and die, alone. The hundred varieties of the arctic duck, which had heretofore spotted the calm and polished surface of the ocean in every direction, were now no longer to be seen between us and the nearing danger. There were thousands of them still drifting past, but warned by Nature's sure instinct, they, like the whale, avoided the risk of being thrown upon those pointed rocks, or sucked into those fathomless holes by preserving a safe distance. They, too, using with ease the means of escape furnished them by an all-providing Being, left man to lean upon his broken reed and die, alone. Even the lost and wearied land bird, which for days past had found food and shelter upon our decks, deserted us for a rocky perch, just over the dark and roaring cavern, towards which we were slowly drifting, as if selecting a commanding point, from which to witness the approaching work of dissolution. The very dogs crouched at our feet in trembling fear, as the noise of the rushing waters startled them, and howled piteously as they gazed into faces so changed by deep and terrible emotion. Millions of bats and swallows left their thousand nests at those dismal and unknown sounds, startled by the unusual proximity of man to their desolate haunts, and circling through and around our gear and decks, added their harsh, discordant screams to the roaring of the waters, and interposed their black and crowded masses between us and the morning sun. They were like dense clouds casting their passing shadows over us, gloomy shadows that might be shading a more gloomy fate.

Backward—slowly backward.

God of Heaven! must we in this quiet state of motionless inactivity drift inch by inch into that howling cavern, or wilfully throw ourselves upon the sharp rocks of the sunken reef as the only alternative? Is man, and man only, with the vast resources of his mighty intellect to aid him, to be strangled, suffocated, mangled, *destroyed*, while the inferior animals around him swim majestically away, or hover on fearless wings over the sullen and hopeless struggle? Is time to end now as far as we are concerned; we who have still such strong frames, such glowing blood, such vivid recollections of the past, such yearnings of hope for the future, such nerve to struggle against this hideous fate could we but grasp it in some tangible form?

Is that bright sun now shining upon us for the last time, us, whose path it was created to light? May not some wandering breeze reach us in its wayward course, to fill our hanging sails, and urge us forward, while yet a few short yards exist between us and that rocky pile? Alas no! The stern and lowering brow contracts in hopeless despair over a broad expanse of calm and polished ocean, while backward—slowly backward we drop against the struggling screw.

We can no longer measure our yards by hundreds. Time is drawing to a close, and space seems shrinking into nothing, as though they journeyed to a common grave. A strong arm might have cast a stone into that yawning gulf, when a single order, the first that had been given for apparently an age, told us that the desperate choice had been made.

To be thrown upon the sharp rocks of the sunken reef, by the boiling ocean which swept over them, assured us of at least a sunlit grave, while the dark depths of the dismal looking cavern, rendered doubly dark and gloomy by the contrast with the snowy foam which frothed around its mouth, resembled in their inky hue the commencement of the shadow of the valley of death.

Starboard!

Reader, do you know what that single word meant? Would you see it drawn out into good old English!

It meant that there no longer existed a hope of our being able to steam against that rushing tide with our powerless propeller and leaking boilers. It meant that we were to go to death upon the foaming reef in preference to being swept into his embrace in those gloomy depths. It meant that the throbbing brain of him whose slightest word was law even in that moment of awful suspense, had decided to give up the unequal struggle and accept the hopeless alternative. It meant that by our own act we were resigning the few minutes during which the struggle might be protracted, to rush headlong upon the less revolting death. It meant that at the end of those "few minutes" certain and instantaneous death awaited us, and that at the end of those *few seconds* possible salvation was in store for him who should grasp a broken spar or buoyant cask, when the vessel's hull should be ground from under us, and the confused mass of shattered timbers, tangled gear, and mangled forms be swept over the boiling line into the fathomless water beyond. It meant that the moment was at hand when the weak man was to find a speedy end, and when the strong man was to feel his sinewy arm slowly deaden from the protracted labor of self-preservation—slowly but surely all flesh must sink. And it meant that brave hearts were now to die, and that fond hearts in another hemisphere were to weep their unknown fate, and languish in lonely sorrow until time to them also, should draw to a close. All this it meant, and yet no faltering voice or coward muscle was there.

"Starboard it is, sir!" said the ready helmsman, and as he spoke, the wheel turned evenly under his nervous grasp, and the old ship's head dropped slowly off. Bodily, hopelessly, broadside on, she now drifted towards the last struggle. How quickly those few seconds glide, small seconds of time, but awful, awful taxes upon the mind's future stability. Men live through past ages in moments like those. The strained and laboring brain burns with a fire that whitens the locks of youth, or sows the seeds of future disease, through sheer intensity of thought.

It is come, men cease to breathe, and with half-closed eyes and muscles of iron, grasp a swinging rope or near belaying pin, with unconscious power!——

What? The reef? Where is it? A merciful Being smiled upon His helpless creatures, and strengthened their broken reed in that moment of dire extremity. Our eyes had deceived us. Eyes whose business it had been for years, to discover the unknown reef, and to distinguish between that and the deceptive tide rip, had failed for once. *No reef existed.* It was the peculiar formation of the land, combined with the fearful velocity of the rushing ocean, which created a tide rip, that might well have deceived a thousand eyes. And as we drifted wildly over the boiling space into the "fathomless water beyond," man's failing eye, which had been dry and hard and burning, while death held out his fleshless arms, softened with cooling moisture, until those shapeless piles of towering rock grew dim and undefined in their uncertain vision.

It was at this period of the action that our friend "Bunsby," in whose breast indignation seemed paramount, indulged in his charitable exclamation in regard to the various heads of the Government.

And who will say that Bunsby's was not "an opinion as was an opinion;" who would not ridicule the idea of arming a good swordsman with a bending lath, and sending him to fight his battle? And yet we, machines of flesh, whose only duty is *to do as we are told*, were armed with a miserable old craft, neither sail vessel or steamer, and sent to battle the gales of every clime, to discover and locate the dangers of every sea.

Would that we were all Bunsbys, or that common sense and humanity would combine to sweep from the ocean all such man-traps as the ci-devant water tank, the present United States steamer of war, John Hancock.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR ON DEMOCRACY.—Republican as I have lived, and shall die, I would rather any other state of social life, than naked and rude Democracy; because I have always found it more jealous of merit, more suspicious of wisdom, more proud of riding on great minds, more pleased at raising up little ones above them, more fond of loud talking, more impatient of calm reasoning, more unsteady, more ungrateful and more ferocious; above all, because it leads to despotism through fraudulence, intemperance and corruption. Let Democracy live among the mountains, and regulate her village, and enjoy her *chalet*; let her live peacefully and contentedly amid her flocks and herds; never lay her rough hand on the balustrade of the council-chamber; never raise her voice among the images of liberators and legislators, of philosophers and poets.

☞ A young lady was accosted by a clergyman in a lane when going to the church, who asked her why she did not go across the fields; upon which she replied, "They are too *stile-ish* for me."

JOHN RUSKIN.

From a late number of an English periodical, we derive the above portrait of this famous critic of Art, whose views have caused such a great sensation in the artistical world. While Ruskin doubtless carries many of his views to an excess, still his fearless and candid expression of his peculiar opinions doubtless will prove of great service to the arts of painting and architecture. Judging by passages from his works that we have seen floating about in the periodicals, he is a man of deep and clear spiritual insight—decidedly a "new thinker."

The following extracts from the third volume of Ruskin's "Modern Painters," just issued, will give an idea of the man.

A CRITICISM ON RAPHAEL.—"Take up that infinite monstrosity and hypocrisy—Raphael's cartoon of the Charge to Peter. Note, first, the bold fallacy—the putting all the apostles there; a mere lie to serve the papal heresy of the Petric supremacy, by putting them all in the background while Peter receives the charge, and making them all witnesses to it. Note the handsomely curled hair, and neatly tied sandals, of the men who had been out all night in the seamists and on the slimy decks. Note their convenient dresses for going a-fishing, with trains that lie a yard along the ground, and goodly fringes—all made to match an apostolic fishing costume. Note how Peter, especially, (whose chief glory was in his wet coat *girt* about him, and naked limbs,) is enveloped in folds and fringes, so as to kneel and hold the keys with grace. No fire of coals at all, nor lonely mountain shore, but a pleasant Italian landscape, full of villas and churches, and a flock of sheep to be pointed at; and the whole group of apostles, not round Christ, as they would have been naturally, but straggling away in a line, that they may all be shewn.

"The simple truth is, that the moment we look at the picture we feel our belief in the whole thing taken away. There is visibly, no possibility of that group ever having existed, in any place, on any occasion. It is all a mere mythic absurdity, and faded concoction of fringes, muscular arms, and curly heads of Greek philosophers.

"Now, the evil consequences of the acceptance of this kind of religious idealism for true, were instant and manifold. So far as it was received and trusted in by thoughtful persons, it only served to chill all the conceptions of sacred history which they might otherwise have obtained. Whatever they could have fancied for themselves about the wild, strange, infinitely stern, infinitely tender, infinitely varied veracities of the life of Christ, was blotted out by the vapid fineties of Raphael; the rough Galilean pilot, the orderly custom receiver, and all the questioning wonder and fire of uneducated apostleship, were obscured under an antique mask of philosophical faces and long robes. The feeble, subtle, suffering, ceaseless energy and humiliation of St. Paul were confused with an idea of a meditative Hercules leaning on a sweeping sword; and the mighty presences of Moses and Elias were softened by introduction of delicate grace, adopted from dancing nymphs and rising Auroras. * * * * * * * *

To this day, the clear and tasteless poison of the art of Raphael infects with sleep of infidelity the hearts of millions of Christians. * * * * This fatal sense of fair fabulousness, and well-composed impossibility, steals gradually from the picture into the history, until we find ourselves reading St. Mark or St. Luke with the same admiring, but uninterested credulity, with which we contemplate Raphael.

DIFFERENCES IN CHARACTER AND DEGREE.—"It is, indeed, true that there is a relative merit; that a peach is nobler than a hawthorn-berry, and still a hawthorn-berry than a bead of the nightshade; but in each rank of fruits, as in each rank of masters, one is endowed with one virtue, and another with another; their glory is their dissimilarity, and they who propose to themselves in the training of an artist that he should unite the coloring of Tintoret, the finish of Albert Durer, and the tenderness of Correggio, are no wiser than a horticulturist would be who made it the object of his labor to produce a fruit which should unite in itself the lusciousness of the grape, the crispness of the nut, and the fragrance of the pine."

"Education, favorable circumstances, resolution, and industry can do much—in a certain sense they do everything; that is to say, they determine whether the poor apricot shall fall in the form of a green bead, blighted by an east wind, shall be trodden under foot, or whether it shall expand into tender pride, and sweet brightness of golden velvet. *But apricot out of currant—great man out of small—did never yet art or effort make; and, in a general way, men have their excellence fixed for them when they are born; a little cramped and frost-bitten on one side, a little sun-burnt and fortune-spotted on the other, they reach, between good and evil chances, such size and taste as generally belong to the men of their caliber, and the small in their serviceable bunches, the great in their golden isolation, have, these no cause for regret, nor those for disdain.*"

"More, I think, has always been done for God by few words than many pictures, and more by few acts than many words."

"All the histories of the Bible are, in my judgment, yet waiting to be painted."

"I do not know anything more humiliating to a man of common sense, than to open what is called an 'Illustrated Bible' of modern days."

"Our habit of reducing the Psalms to doggerel, before we will condescend to sing them, is a parallel abuse."

"The modern 'ideal' of high art is a curious mingling of the gracefulness and reserve of the drawing-room with a certain measure of classical sensuality. * * * From Dannaeker's Ariadne down to the amorous shepherd and shepherdess in China on the drawing-room timepiece, how far the charm of the art does indeed depend on some appeal to the inferior passions."

"The shallow spectator (of the beauty of the Apollo Belvidere or Venus de Medicis,) delighted that he can really, and without hypocrisy, admire what required much thought to produce, supposes himself endowed with the highest critical faculties, and easily lets himself be carried into rhapsodies about the 'ideal,' which, when all is said, if they be accurately examined, will be found to mean nothing more than that the figure has got handsome calves to its legs, and a straight nose."

"Physical beauty is indeed a noble thing when seen in its perfectness; but the manner in which the moderns pursue their ideal prevents their ever really seeing what they are always seeking. * * When such artists look at a face, they do not give it the attention necessary to discern what beauty is already in its peculiar features, but only to see how best it may be altered into something for which they have themselves laid down the laws. Nature never unveils her beauty to such a gaze."

"The theory that beauty is merely the result of custom, was very common in Johnson's time. Goldsmith has, I think, expressed it with more force and wit, than any other writer, in various passages of the Citizen of the World. And it was, indeed, a curious retribution of the folly of the world of art, which for some three centuries had given itself recklessly to the pursuit of beauty, that at last it should be led to deny the very existence of what it had so morbidly and passionately sought. It was as if a child should leave its home to pursue the rainbow, and then, breathless and hopeless, declare that it did not exist."

THE DWINA.

A RUSSIAN BALLAD.

Stony-browed Dwina, thy face is as flint,
Horsemen and wagons cross, scoring no dint,
Cossacks patrol thee and leave thee as hard,
Camp-fires but blacken and spot thee like pard.
For the dead silent river lies rigid and still.

Down on thy sedgy banks picquet the troops,
Scaring the night-wolves with carols and whoops,
Crackle their faggots of drift-wood and bay,
And the steam of their pots fills the nostril of day
But the dead silent river lies rigid and still.

Sledges pass sliding from hamlet to town,
Lovers and comrades, and none doth be drown
Harness-bells tinkling in musical glee,
For to none comes the sorrow that came unto me,
And the dead silent river lies rigid and still.

I go to the Dwina, I stand on his wave,
Where Ivan my dead, has no grass on his grave,
Stronger than granite that outlive a Czar,
Solid as pavement, and polished as spar,
Where the dead silent river lies rigid and still.

Stronger than granite? nay, falser than sand?
Fatal the clasp of thy slippery hand,
Cruel as vulture's the clutch of thy claws,
Who shall redeem from the merciless jaws
Of the dead silent river so rigid and still?

Crisp lay the new-fallen snow on thy breast,
Trembled the white moon through haze in the west,
Far in the thicket the wolf-cub was howling,
Down by the sheep-cotes the wolf-dam was prowling,
And the dead silent river lay rigid and still.

When Ivan, my lover, my husband, my lord,
Lightly and cheerily stepped on the sward,
Light with his hopes of the morrow and me,
That the reeds on the margin leaned after to see,
But the dead silent river lay rigid and still.

O'er the fresh snowfall, the winter-long frost,
O'er the broad Dwina the forester crost,
Snares at his girdle, and gun at his side,
Game-bag weighed heavy with gifts for his bride,
And the dead silent river lay rigid and still.

Rigid and silent, and crouching for prey,
Crouching for him who went singing his way;
Oxen were stabled, and sheep were in fold,
But Ivan was struggling in torrents ice cold,
'Neath the dead silent river so rigid and still.

Home he came never; we searched by the ford—
Small was the fissure that swallowed my lord;
Glassy ice-sheetings had frozen above
A crystalline cover, to seal up my love
In the dead silent river so rigid and still.

Still by the Dwina my home-torches burn,
Faithful I watch for my bridegroom's return;
When the moon sparkles on hoar-frost and tree
I see my love crossing the Dwina to me,
O'er the dead silent river so rigid and still.

Always approaching, he never arrives:
Howls the north-east wind, the dusty snow drives;
Snapping like touchwood I hear the ice crack,
And my lover is drowned in the water-hole black,
'Neath the dead silent river so rigid and still.

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.—Soon after Mr. Webster came to the bar, he was retained in a suit between two neighbors. It seemed that they had got to loggerheads about a disputed line, out of which had grown trespass suits and all sorts of controversies, and that the more malicious and artful of the two had so plied the other with law in one shape or another, that he had nearly ruined him. The latter at last became aroused, and brought an action against the other for malicious prosecution, and retained Mr. Webster to manage it. On the trial, proof of malice was clear and convincing, and it was evident that the day of reckoning had at last come. In summing up for the plaintiff, Mr. Webster, after making a strong argument against the defendant, showing that he had again and again instituted suits against his client, merely to perplex and annoy him, closed as follows: "In a word, gentlemen, I do not see how I can better conclude than in the words of the good old Psalm." Then looking at the jury, but pointing to the defendant, he repeated from his favorite authors, Sternhold and Hopkins:—

He digged a pit, he digged it deep,
He digged it for his brother.
By his great sin, he did fall in
The pit he digged for 'tother.

And so it proved. The verdict was heavy against the "digger."

GENIUS AND LABOR.—It would be an extremely profitable thing to draw up a short and well authenticated account of the habits of study of the most celebrated writers with whose style of literary industry we happen to be most acquainted. It would go very far to destroy the absurd and pernicious association of genius and idleness, by showing them that the greatest poets, orators, statesmen and historians—men of the most brilliant and imposing talents—have actually labored as hard as the makers of dictionaries and the arrangers of indices; and that the most obvious reason why they have been superior to other men is, that they have taken more pains than other men. Gibbon was in his study every morning, winter and summer, at six o'clock, Mr. Burke was the most laborious and indefatigable of human beings; Leibnitz was never out of his library; Pascal killed himself by study; Cicero narrowly escaped death by the same cause; Milton was at his books with as much regularity as a merchant or an attorney—he had mastered all the knowledge of his time, so had Homer.

☞ PREPOSTEROUS.—Expecting an old sweetheart to marry you on the death of his third wife.

A RHAPSODY ON GARDEN SEEDS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There is something in the very sight of a genuine seed store that does us good. Even when we lived in the West, and went to the country store, where the annual box of seed from the "Union Shaker Village," or the later rival box from "Landreth," was displayed, we felt a relaxation, and *smelt* garden long before it was time to have one. True, a seed is a seed. But it is a good deal more than a seed. It has a history, and it is ready for another history. A whole summer is wrapped up in that pea. A whole summer wrought to form that bean. A whole summer spent its time about that ear of corn. It came forth small as a needle. It stood tremulous and yellow for weeks, it waxed space in June, it rustled in July, it stood up the noblest of all the grasses in August, with a many-fringed band of flowers on its lap, and with a little baby ear at its breast, with silken hair hanging down uncombed yet untangled, and spotted and powdered with pollen.

Here are bins of peas. We shall take the *Cedo Nulli* for our early crop, and the *Champion of England* for our main supply of marrowfat peas. We will add a quart each of Bishop's Long Pod and the British Queen. Do not think that we are looking simply at these little shriveled pellets. Each pea is a Sun. We see through it afar into summer. There stand long rows of pea vines! They would fain shake hands with you, and hold out little clusters of sweet blossoms; the only hands which they have. We have seen the wind shaking hands with them often.

Dear beans! Here you are. Though you *do* come up wrong end first, after you *are* up nothing can be more praiseworthy than your conduct. Here is the Lima, full of twining aspirations, for whose industry no pole is long enough. Here are yellow, black, speckled, dun colored, red, bush beans, the world renowned *succotash*. Beans will be honorable so long as *succotash* has one firm friend. This boon the Indians left us. Succotash is a liquid compromise between corn and beans. It is perfect when its flavor is that of corn lapsing into bean, and of bean just changing into corn. In short, it is a dish whose flavor represents the evanishing point of both beans and corn, towards a mystic vegetable union in some sphere. But to be perfect there should always be a hierophantic bit of pork, presiding over the nuptials and giving its unctuous blessing.

In those little rough and ragged shells reposes the germ of the Bassano beet, best of all early beets. The poets celebrate the early blushes of the morning. For ourselves we have a preference for the extra-early turnip beet!

Honest cabbage! Who could believe that a mighty drumhead, or a wrinkled savoy, would ever emerge from that little brown seed! Aristocratic cauliflower!—one of the few flowers that do best in a pot.

As we look about at all the stock of garden goods, celery, cucumber, egg-plant, radish, parsnips, lettuce, we almost hear the bees hum, and hens crooning and scratching in the garden? Those pumpkins' seeds swell as we look at them into great red globes and lie plump and fat all over the corn fields!

Ah, wicked water-melons, ye lie stumbling blocks in the boys' way? If tempting is itself a sin, how many will be scored up against you.

And here is the brilliant pepper. How much those little red-cheeked cherry peppers put one in mind of equally pretty cheeked maidens. Alas yes! That there is no disputing about tastes, is true to no one more than to him who has bitten a pepper-pod.

I can hear the insect buzzing over the beds of thyme, sage, summer savory. I can imagine myself under apple-trees in a faint afternoon of August, and smelling the fennel, dill, the caraway, which every puff of wind brings from the garden. Here, too, is lavender and pennyroyal, saffron for children and catnip for pet cats; balm and mint for boys with a stomach-ache; sweet basil and marjoram for dainty cooks; wormwood, rue, boneset, hoarhound, and elecampane for all sorts of ailments in all sorts of places.

BENEFITS OF A GOOD HEARTY LAUGH.—A medical neighbor tells the following: While on a picnic excursion with a party of young people, discerning a crow's nest on a rocky precipice, they started in a great glee to see who would reach it first. Their haste being greater than prudence, some lost their holds, and were seen rolling and tumbling down the hill side, bonnets smashed, clothes torn, postures ridiculous, but no one hurt. Then commenced a scene of most violent and long-continued laughter, and in which, being all young people, well acquainted with each other, and in the woods, they indulged to a perfect surfeit. They roared out with merry peal on peal of spontaneous laughter; they expressed it by hooting and hallooing when ordinary laughter became insufficient to express the merriment they felt at their own ridiculous situations and those of their mates; and ever afterward the bare mention of the crow nest scene occasioned renewed and irrepressible laughter.

Years after, one of their number fell sick, became so low that she could not speak, and was about breathing her last.

Our informant called to see her, gave his name and tried to make himself recognised, but failed till he mentioned the crow's nest, at which she recognized him, and began to laugh, and continued every little while renewing it; from that time she began to mend, recovered, and still lives a memento of the laugh cure.

A FRENCH HOAX.—A Paris paper states that a hoax was lately played off at Tarbes, by a person who reported that an Englishman, who was about to be hanged for a robbery of thirty millions of francs, had his sentence commuted on condition that he should procure some person to undergo his punishment. The Englishman, it was added, had offered to divide seven million francs among seven persons, on condition that they should draw lots to determine which of them should suffer to be hanged in his place. This report created considerable excitement, and four peasants proceeded to the Prefecture of Police to obtain passports to proceed to England, to offer themselves as candidates for the chance of being hanged! The Prefect of Police had with difficulty convinced the peasants that they were dupes of a mystification.

"DUNNING."—This term is by some erroneously stated to come from the French language, in which *donnez* signifies "give me;" others from *dunen* (Saxon), "to thunder;" but the true origin of this expression owes its birth to one Joe Dun, a famous bailiff of Lincoln, extremely active, and so dexterous at the management of his rough business, that it became a proverb when a man refused to pay his debts, to say, "Why don't you 'Dun' him?" that is, "Why don't you send Dun to arrest him?" Hence it grew into a custom, and is now as old as since the days of Henry VII.

SPRING FLOWERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What power divinely good
Cheers my ungrateful year?
Sweet flowers, that deck the lonely wood,
What hand hath placed you here?

Ye spring along my walk,
Unsought by prayer of mine,
And blossom o'er the mossy rock,
And by the ancient pine.

I love you as I pass,
With pale or crimson dyes,
Or faintly peeping through the grass,
With soft or ruby eyes.

But yet a gentle sigh
Escapes me as I stray,
To think the wintry blast is nigh,
That sweeps your leaves away.

Fair things that please me now,
I would that ye might bloom
With me, on some bright mountain brow,
When wintry tempests come.

Ye maidens, sweet as these,
What bounty owes the deed,
To set some gentle form to please,
Where'er my wand'rings lead?

Within the loneliest dells,
Beyond the stormiest hill,
Some humble maid unenvied dwells,
Whose beauty waits me still.

Some lip's unborrowed smile,
Some cheek's unmingled dyes,
Some azure eye to cheer my toil,
Lit from the genial skies.

But let me weep to see
The tempests that pursue,
To-day you kindly gladden me;
To-morrow—where are you?

Sweet things, must ye decline?
Still to my bosom dear?
Would that no ruder hand than mine,
No wintry day were near;

Would ye might still be young,
The blight of years unknown;
Long blooming where ye safely sprang,
Long loved by me alone;

Or, like the happier flower,
Revive when storms are o'er;
But, one chill blast, and one dark hour,
And beauty blooms no more.

S. P. HERRON

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;

OR,

THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXV.

AN UNCONSCIOUS BRIDE.

Count Baltroso. What dost thou, woman?
Agnes. What I shall answer
Wait and see. —*Shamilla.*

At an early hour the next morning, Rose Garland and her sisters were gathered together in the chamber of the former, busily engaged in making a bridal dress. A pattern dress had been purloined from the old chest in the attic. As yet Theodora knew nothing of the preparations going forward. At the breakfast-table, however, she heard that there was company expected for the evening, and was therefore afterwards not surprised or curious respecting any bustle of arrangement.

Mrs. Throgmorton had confirmed herself in the thought that she was doing the wisest and the best thing for Theodora, and that all the means were made justifiable by the end. Nevertheless as hour after hour of the forenoon slipped away, bringing nearer the time appointed for the marriage her courage waned. She found it difficult and well nigh impossible to go and apprise Theodora of the coming event, which she still resolved should take place.

"What *shall* I do?" she more than once exclaimed. "What can I say to her? Was ever a woman in such a predicament?"

At one moment she determined to seem to take it for granted that Theodora knew all, and to let her find out by seeing and hearing what was in progress. At another moment she concluded to go and sit down by her side, tell her, and soothe and coax her into compliance. And she repealed all former resolution in favor of the plan Napoleonic, of leaving all communications for the last, and then taking her by surprise, and as it were, by storm. And finally that also was abandoned with the despairing exclamation of—

"I am at my wit's end!"

"What is the matter?" inquired the doctor, who had chanced to overhear these words. Now Mrs. Throgmorton, in her pride of government, had taken no counsellor; but being questioned, she nevertheless answered frankly,

"Why, Theodora does not know that she is to be married this evening!"

"Whew-w! and everybody else knows it—that is a pretty spot of work. How on earth does it happen?"

Mrs. Throgmorton condescended to explain at some length—

"And now," said that lady in conclusion, "I do not know how to break it to her! And her future mother-in-law and aunt are expected here every moment to see her."

"Deny her to them until she shall be prepared."

"I intend to do so, but in an hour or two after them Basil himself will be here, and then what is to be done?"

"Bring forth the bride, to be sure."

"Yes! easy said! but suppose she will not come? Suppose she grows serious and makes a scene?"

"Compose her nerves!"

"Compose her nerves?"

"Yes! and do it before you break the matter to her!"

"I wish you would talk common sense, Doctor Throgmorton! for if you have no more idea of what you are talking about than I have, I am sure you are discoursing an 'infinite deal of nothing?'"

"Can we never talk without quarrelling? Very well then! I am content! only put off the fracas until to-morrow! when we have leisure to come to misunderstanding!"

"Well, then, go on and tell me what you mean you yourself know!"

"Willingly, my dove! If this child up stairs is likely to give you trouble by her excitability, compose her nerves! I have seen a dying man so composed that he has suffered no anxiety on the subject of his will! Theodora was very pale day at dinner. Go into her room and tell her how pale she is! feel her pulse and send for me to prescribe! There! Go at once—there is no time to be lost, for, by Jupiter, there comes the carriage with old Mrs. Wildman and Miss Elizabeth! I will go and receive them while you see Theodora; then I will send you to them while I go to her," said the doctor, hurrying down stairs.

Mrs. Throgmorton found Theodora lying upon her little cot.

"What is the matter, my dear? Are you sick?" she asked, kindly approaching the bed, and taking the girl's hand.

"No, aunt, dear, only tired," replied Theodora, smiling gratefully at this unwonted tenderness.

"Indeed I am afraid you *are* sick or are going to be so. I must get your uncle to come up to see you!" said the lady, affectionately sitting down by the side of the cot and laying her hand upon the forehead of her patient. "I declare your head is quite hot. Yes, indeed, I must get the doctor to see you."

"I assure you it is not necessary, dear aunt. I have only my usual afternoon hour of weariness. I shall rise in a few minutes."

"Your usual afternoon fit of weariness! You do not mean to tell me that you have attacks every day?"

Theodora smiled at the seeming earnestness of the lady.

"I fatigue myself every forenoon and rest for an hour every afternoon. It is at worst only a lazy habit."

"It is very significant! My dear child let your uncle come to see you!"

"I would rather not, as it is unnecessary!"

"For my sake! You know I feel more anxious on your account than ever I did before!"

Again Theodora smiled with a puzzled expression of countenance, but replied,

"Very well, aunt, for your sake let it be then, though I am sure that uncle will find me only lazy."

The lady stooped and pressed—what would have been a Judas kiss to her lips, but that she had persuaded herself that all her contemplated action was "for Theodora's good." Then she went below, and passed into the parlor where the ladies from Red Ridge were waiting for her. After welcoming them she said,

"I cannot ask you to go up into Theodora's room just yet. Poor dear, she is so painfully shy at all times, and now she is quite indisposed."

"Nothing serious, I hope."

"Oh, no! only nervousness, Miss Elizabeth! She will get over it—but in the meantime shall I show you your room?"

"Thank you. If you please," replied Miss Elizabeth, speaking for the party. And the hostess conveyed off her guests to their temporary apartments.

Evening came. And the company—without which no country wedding, christening, or funeral can go forward—assembled. Towards seven o'clock Basil came, accompanied by his sister Helen. He was invited into a private sitting-room to await the appearance of his bride. Helen was invited at once into Theodora's presence. As she was leaving the room, Basil said,

"Helen! try to contrive that I see Theodora a few minutes *alone* before the ceremony. Some how my heart misgives me, and I would like to have a few words with herself."

"Nonsense, Blaise! It is not etiquette, you know! However I will see if I can manage it; but in case I should not be able to do so, you had better instruct me with any message you may have for Theodora."

"Thank you, Helen! I hardly know if it would be considered polite for me to send the message—and yet—it would be right! Tell her, Helen, that with all my heart I put myself and all I possess at her feet for her acceptance, if she takes me of her own free will; but only so; for I could not even be content except in her full happiness. Tell her that, Helen! And do not let her throw herself away to please me or any one."

"I hear, and if it can be managed I will let you speak to her yourself, if it is only to convince you."

Helen did not say of *what*, in such a case, he was likely to be convinced, and she knew full well that it could *not* be so "managed" as to afford him an interview.

When she was gone, Blaise walked up and down the sitting-room for half-an-hour, and then passed before a long mirror, and viewed himself from head to foot:—bristling red hair that would *not* lie down, a sun-burned, freckled skin, small, light gray eyes, a clumsy nose, a shapeless mouth, round shoulders, long arms, an awkward form! She never could like him—no, never! She was so symmetrical, so delicate, so graceful! Every one must see the contrast between them, the moment they should stand up together! Every one must see that she could never love him! And yet if she only *could* and *did*, how grateful, how devoted he would be! One thing: *If*—for near as the consummation of his hopes appeared to be, there still seemed to be an "if"—he were so happy, so blessed as to gain her, though he could not be the handsomest, nor the wisest, nor the wealthiest husband in the world, he would be the most loving and disinterested, yes, that he would! that was in his power, and such he would be!

His reveries were interrupted by the entrance of Wakefield Brunton, who was to be his first groomsman, and who came in smiling and grasping the hand of his friend, and wishing him all manner of happiness.

Basil, in a reserved and awkward manner, thanked him, and then looking at him earnestly for some time, suddenly inquired,

"Wakefield, did you ever propose to—" and then stopped, unwilling to name his sister.

"To whom?" asked Wakefield, laughing, "to your dainty lady-love? No, sir!"

"To *any* young lady?" said Blaise, with a general application of the question.

"No!"

"Are you *sure*, never?"

"I am *sure*, never!" exclaimed Wakefield. Then, with an almost holy enthusiasm, coming in a glow over his fine face, he continued, speaking in a low voice,

"The queen woman who claims my homage has always known that she has ever received it!"

"Humbugged, as I thought!" commented Basil, within himself, while to Wakefield he put the question,

"Who was that—Miss Garland? Miss Jane? Miss Mary?"

Wakefield shook his head in negation at each of these names, and before Basil could add another, the door opened, and Helen beckoned Wakefield to her side.

"Wake, my brother Basil, there, is just as verdant as May clover! Please to tell him that *it is time!*" and so saying, she disappeared as suddenly as she had come.

Wakefield drew down the corners of his mouth, with becoming gravity, and going up to Basil, said, solemnly, "*It is time!*" drew his arm within his own, and marched out of the sitting-room into the hall.

ENCOUNTER OF A SEALER WITH A SEA-LION, IN A TUSSAC BOG.

The male of the Falkland Island seal resembles in no slight degree in the head and mane the king of the forest. He is, when full grown, about ten feet long, and, although not disposed to make an attack, is a most formidable antagonist to come upon unawares in the thick grove of the Tussac, where, more particularly in the breeding seasons, he and his family are found. The female is scarcely one-half the size of the male, and is more gentle in disposition.

In some of the smaller islands, which are generally covered with Tussac grass, the seals congregate in great numbers, called rookeries; and, to avoid the danger of attacking them under cover, the sealers set fire to the grass, which, of course, obliges the alarmed inhabitants to scamper helter-skelter down their pathways to the sea, on the road to which they are attacked and slain in great numbers for their oil and skins. As to the particular encounter which is depicted above, the man looking like a resolute fellow, doubtless came off the victor. Our sketch is intended, however, more to illustrate the surroundings and perils of sealing, than any particular incident.

It was dimly lighted by a hanging lamp, which nevertheless sufficiently revealed a group of ladies, standing near the foot of the stairs, as if they had just come down and were waiting.—There was Mrs. Throgmorton and Miss Garland; and there, in the centre of the group, stood Theodora, known by the bridal veil that completely hid her profile. On the side of her stood Helen, her first, and Jane and Mary Garland, her second and third bridesmaids. A little further on were gathered into a group Doctor Throgmorton and two young gentlemen who were to act as second and third groomsmen. Wakefield led Basil into the midst of the ladies' group, and presented him immediately before his bride, where poor Blaise stood abashed and hesitating—

"You are to draw her arm in yours and follow us! Oh, heaven mend your wits!" exclaimed Helen, in a fierce stage whisper.

Mary and her cavalier had led the way; Jane with hers had followed. Helen took Wakefield's arm, and went after. And somehow Blaise found himself with a little delicate gloved hand resting calmly on his left coat sleeve, bringing up the rear. It did not shrink, nor tremble—that little hand! It lay there coolly and quietly. He stole a timid look up at the face above it—the face was no paler nor rosier than usual—the eyes were not down-cast nor tearful—they did not meet, neither did they avoid his gaze—they looked straight forward the way that they were going. Her look and manner revealed nothing; it was very strange! He tried to speak once or twice—but the words—"stuck in his throat." At last, just as they were entering the saloon, he managed to falter out, "Theodora! My Dora!" But she whom he addressed never gave the slightest indication of her having heard him, while Helen looked over her shoulder with a severe expression of countenance, that said as plainly as words could speak—"You clown! can't you hold your tongue, and behave with propriety?" And Blaise fearing that he had been guilty of some great breach of etiquette, blushed deeply, and was silent.

And the next instant, with his senses all reeling, he found himself and Theodora standing together the centre of a semi-circle, ranged before the clergyman who, book in hand, lost no time in beginning the solemn exhortation that opens the marriage ritual. Blaise dared not glance at the spectators around, or at the bride on his left hand, or the friend on his right, or at the minister of God before him; he kept his eye fixed upon the carpet. When the time came for him to make his responses, he stammered forth, in a low voice, the words the clergyman put in his mouth. A few seconds after he started, on hearing the sound of the woman's response, the tones, low as they were, were not so soft as those of Theodora, they sounded more like those of Helen! But, of course, that must have been only his fancy, he immediately thought; for the ceremony continued and concluded: and then he found himself giddy in the little whirl of congratulations, that presently whirled him with his party off to a distant sofa. "How lifeless!" "How cold!" "How strange!" were some of the phrases, that even in that confusion of tongues struck his mind, chiefly because he wondered to whom they would apply. He glanced up at Theodora seated on his left—the same calm, colorless face, the same quiet eye and composed manner. He wished to address her, but he could not find anything to say, so fearful was he of making another signal breach of good manners, so he confined his conversation to answering speeches that were made to him by the young bridesmaids and groomsmen, and by such transient interlocutors as came up to pay their compliments to the bride's group. And still such criticisms upon some unknown, as, "Queer, isn't she?" "It is really offensive." "What does it mean?" floated to his ear. Refreshments were served. That was some relief! Basil could not have swallowed a morsel *then*, if his soul's salvation had depended on his doing so. But it was some divertisement to busy himself with the pretence, Wakefield was offering jelly, cream, lemonade, wine, all in turn to Theodora, who, neither accepting, nor rejecting anything, sat as if unconscious of the attentions being lavished upon her. Wakefield was surprised into giving one deep, investigating glance into her passive countenance, and then with a sudden paleness, turned away, and gave his services to the young bridesmaids. Blaise saw all this.

"What is the matter? Is she angry, or merely abstracted?" he inquired of himself; and looking at her more attentively, he added—"Yes! certainly! it is of *her* coldness they are talking! Theodora—my Dora!" he whispered earnestly in her ear.

She turned and gave him a vague, perplexed look, but did not otherwise reply.

"My dear Dora! what is the mat—"

Blaise started abruptly, leaving his sentence half finished, for Helen had given him a sly, severe pinch.

The musicians had now entered and taken their places, and were tuning up their instruments for service. The young people present were impatiently waiting for the bridal party to lead off in forming quadrilles.

"Wakefield! Theodora cannot dance, and of course Basil will not. It falls therefore upon you and me, to head the first quadrille. Come!" And the witch led her captive off. Captain Castlemain followed with Rose Garland, and sets rapidly formed and the dancing commenced.

At a hint from their mother, Jane and Mary Garland, with their respective companions, had remained to keep Basil in conversation. Theodora sat in the same quiet apathy, replying to any address with only that vague, perplexed, half conscious gaze, that filled Basil with sorrow, and all other observers with vain conjectures. If any of these latter found expression in Mrs. Throgmorton's presence, she would with a smile reply—

"Oh! you know she is a very singular girl, unused to company and excitement, which always drives her in upon herself; and besides, to-night she is really very seriously indisposed."

This explanation found only partial favor among her hearers.

At ten o'clock, the dancing ceased temporarily, while the company went to supper. Wakefield gave his arm to Theodora, while Basil took Mary Garland to the table. After the supper, which lasted but an hour, many of the guests returned to the saloon, and the dancing recommenced.

It had been arranged that Theodora should, the same night of her marriage, go home with her husband's family. Accordingly a little after eleven o'clock, while some of the guests were still at table in the supper-room, and others were dancing in the saloon, the carriage from Red Ridge was brought to the door, a travelling trunk packed by Mrs. Throgmorton, and containing all things necessary for her niece's present use, was strapped on behind, and Theodora, in the same strange apathy that had marked her deportment the whole evening, was wrapped in travelling shawl and hood, and handed in. Helen, Basil, old Mrs. Wildman, and Miss Elizabeth, all found room in that capacious old-fashioned carry-all.

"What *is* the matter with Theodora?" inquired Mrs. Wildman in a whisper, of Helen.

"Oh! nothing grandma, she is dreaming, that is all," replied the young lady; "dreaming awake; let her alone."

But the next morning, while doctor and Mrs. Throgmorton, and their three daughters were sitting around a late breakfast-table, laughing and talking over the cleverness with which they had married off that impracticable girl, they were startled by the sudden apparition of Basil Wildman, who, unannounced, burst into their presence, pale, haggard, and shaking with mental disturbance.

"Mr. Wildman! Basil! for Heaven's sake what is the matter!" exclaimed the doctor, and Mrs. Throgmorton in a breath.

"Theodora!" cried Basil, in a voice of anguish.

"Theodora! why what about her?"

"Oh, Heaven! ill—ill to death! mad! dying, I think! Oh! Mrs. Throgmorton! if you have deceived me, and destroyed her—may the Lord—never forgive you!"

"Basil! how wildly you talk! but under the circumstances I must excuse you! Theodora is sick (she was not very well yesterday) and you are crazy about it. That is just all. I am very sorry for you both. You came for the doctor, I suppose? He will go over, of course, immediately."

"I came for you both. She is dying,—dying, I tell you!" said Blaise, wringing his hands.

"Nonsense! you are needlessly alarmed, Basil," said the lady, growing nevertheless pale, in contradiction of her own words.

The doctor, who had at once arisen from the table, and rung for his horse to be saddled, was now drawing on his overcoat. "I think you need not come until you hear from me, Maria. If she is as ill as he fears, I will send a messenger for you. I am ready to attend you now, Mr. Wildman," said the doctor, nodding good-morning to his family as he went out. Basil stopped for no such ceremony, but followed the doctor to hurry his motions.

Basil's terror had not much exaggerated the case. Doctor Throgmorton found Theodora extremely ill and quite delirious. Mrs. Wildman was fidgeting around her bed in the last degree of helpless, nervous excitability. Almost the first thing the doctor did was to dismiss the good old lady to her housekeeping, and install Miss Elizabeth as nurse. Then he administered the remedies that seemed to be indicated, and sat down by the bed-side of his patient to watch the effect. For hours he sat there, repeating at intervals the dose, and waiting with the greatest anxiety the result. How much of affection and compassion for the poor betrayed and broken girl before him, and how much of remorse for his own share in her possible destruction, and how much fear for the ultimate consequences of the act, mingled in his feelings of solicitude, it is impossible to say. But there he sat, earning "golden opinions" from all the family for his devotion to the suffering girl. Towards evening the dangerous symptoms that he had combatted through the day, begun to yield. And rising, he pronounced immediate peril past, and gave Miss Elizabeth full directions for the treatment of the sufferer during the night, requested that in case of necessity he might at any hour whatever be summoned, and then took his leave. In going out of the sick chamber, he stumbled and nearly fell over the prostrate form of Basil, who had thrown himself down on the floor outside of the door, and who started up, seized the doctor's hand and holding him prisoner, implored a true report of Theodora's condition, and if possible, permission for himself to go in and sit by her.

"She is more composed, my poor fellow, and if you can control your feelings sufficiently to keep quiet, you may go in there and sit with her!"

Basil wrung the doctor's hand in gratitude, and availed himself of the permission given him.

Doctor Throgmorton, on reaching home, told his wife that although he had found her niece quite as ill as she had been represented, yet as she was also too delirious to recognize any one, he had thought it unadvisable to summon her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BIG BELL AND THE LITTLE BELL.

FROM THE SPANISH OF TRIARTE.

Within an old cathedral hung
A mighty bell,
Which never, save at Easter, swung
One solemn knell;
And then, so sternly, all around
Its echoes fell,
The peasants trembled at the sound
Of that big bell.

Not far from the cathedral stood
A hermit's cell,
And in its belfry tower of wood
A little bell;
Whose daily tinklings through the year
So faintly fell,
The peasants hardly gave an ear
To that small bell.

The hermit—he who own'd the same,
And loved it well—
Resolved that it should share the fame
Of that big bell;
So tolling it but once a year
With one brief knell,
He taught the peasants to revere
His little bell.

And there are fools in vast repute,
Who, strange to tell,
Acquire their fame by being mute
Like that small bell;
These would-be sages rarely speak,
For they know well
That frequent utterance would break
The solemn spell.

RESISTANCE TO RIDICULE.—Learn from the earliest days to inure your principles against the peril of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason, if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously and gravely—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.—*Sydney Smith.*

A CHARACTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MISS H. E. SEARS.

I met, the other day, with "a character," not one of your passive nonentities, growing up moulded by surrounding circumstances, as the clay is moulded by the potter, or the plaster cast is wrought by the hand of the artisan, but enduring marble, carved by noble artistic power, or rather, I should say, built up of precious stones, into an edifice of surpassing loveliness—almost of ideal grandeur. It was that of an old lady, past seventy, from whom every vestige of beauty had faded, save the light of a mild, blue eye, which kindles as she converses, and shows that the internal fires have not gone out nor faded, through all these years of toil and care and struggle with hard realities.

Conversation! how came she to be so fully mistress of the art, as though she had studied nothing else all her life, and had always lived in the "best society," where conversation is studied as an art: when it is well known that she has lived a very secluded life, being one of those unfortunates stigmatized as "old maids," and always having been in depressed circumstances.

Her sweet silver tones fall upon the ear as a sort of enchantment; her voice is modulated to the extreme of culture, stopping short of affectation, or a *studied* tone. "It is the perfection of Art to imitate nature;" but no—there can be no Art here—it is only Nature brought to its highest perfection. And then the conversation! welling up, clear, and brilliant and sparkling, from the depths of an elegant and refined mind! What would not a fashionable belle give to be able to converse in that style! Simple, original, cheerful almost to gaiety her ideas flowed out in freshness and variety, entirely free from the trivialities or personalities which generally make up so large a share of what is *called* conversation, until I was completely fascinated, and carried away by the power of her eloquence, for such indeed it was.

How did she acquire that large stock of ideas—that store of splendid thought? Ah! it is not acquired—there is an inexhaustible fountain within. The gift of genius. No! The effect of a noble culture. Culture! What opportunities has she had for culture? She told me herself she had but little early education, and she had to struggle with difficulties all her life. A homestead was all her fortune, and to secure the needed comforts of a home, she has sewed, knitted, taken "summer boarders"—and since she has become old, has actually gone out nursing. This is very true; but the cracks and crevices of existence, she has filled up with reading—and with reading our best English literature—poetry, history, travels, biography, essays, and the better works of fiction; and this it is, which makes her character and mind such a beautiful whole—those unsightly seams and gaps, which others have unfilled, or else putty up with petty gossip or tales of murder, and other newspaper horrors, or with trashy, weak, unhealthy novel-reading, she has filled up with an enduring cement, that hardens and beautifies with time, forming part of that valuable superstructure, which she has quietly and unambitiously reared, without herself being conscious of its splendor or its value.

She had, as the foundation, a heart full of all gentle affections, a strong religious trust, and a large sympathy; a mild, loving, womanly character she was; by her sweet humility, she won the love of all around her. Among her "summer boarders," were always a number of children; on these she most delighted to lavish the tenderness of her affectionate nature, and this you may be sure, was returned with interest. Her heart could not wither, while so loving and so beloved.

Whether she was very highly gifted, I do not know; I think not more than ordinarily; but the large waste of life which others throw away, or turn to pernicious uses, she had felt was precious. By a parsimonious hoarding of "spare moments," she had acquired a fund of knowledge which is seldom acquired with abundance of leisure and means. She had become fond of reading in early life, was of a reflecting turn, and had a retentive memory. She regarded books as her chief treasure, but her necessity for effort, prevented her from becoming a mere book-worm. It brought her too, in constant and healthy contact with others; what she had stored up, became a means of quickening her own mind to thought, and thus she became, without knowing it, a splendid intellectual woman, and with her refined grace of manner, would, (with the requisite quantity of lace and diamonds,) even now, make the charm of half the *conversaziones*, or, shine (minus the lace and diamonds,) wherever literature and life blend harmoniously, as they do in some circles in our own country.

I left that old lady, ashamed that I had ever felt despondent or disheartened because not possessed of genius or high talents to help me on. Here was the true culture; not any overstrained artificial culture, but a healthy intellectual life, blended with a world of silent, gentle affection, constituting the perfection and true glory of womanhood.

Harrisburg, April, 1856.

THE CARE OF THE EYES.—First, never use a desk or a table with your face towards a window. In such case the rays of light coming directly upon the pupil of the eyes, and causing an unnatural and forced contraction thereof, soon permanently injure the sight. Next, when your table or desk is near a window, sit so that your face turns from, not towards, the window while you are writing. If your face is towards the window, the oblique rays strike the eye and injure it nearly as much as the direct rays when you sit in front of the window. It is best always to sit or stand, while reading or writing, with the window behind you, and next to that, with the light coming over the left side—then the light illumines the paper or book, and does not shine abruptly upon the eyeball. The same remarks are applicable to artificial light. We are often asked which is the best light—gas, candles, oil, or camphene. Our answer is, it is immaterial which, provided the light of either be strong enough, and does not flicker.—*Scientific American.*

GOING TO SLEEP.—It is a delicious moment certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you can gently drop to sleep. The good is to come—not passed; the limbs have just been tried enough to render the remaining in one position delightful; the labor of the day is gone. A gentle failure of the perception creeps over you, the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child, the mind seems to have a balmy lid cover it like the eye—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.

FOREIGN NEWS.

REPORTED CONCESSIONS ON THE CENTRAL AMERICAN QUESTION—MR. CRAMPTON NOT TO BE RECALLED—THE TREATY OF PEACE PUBLISHED—SPEECH OF THE CZAR.

The steamship City of Baltimore, arrived at Philadelphia on the 7th inst. The steamers North America and America, have also arrived at Quebec and Halifax, bringing dates to the 27th ult. The Atlantic, which arrived on the 12th, brings dates to the 30th.

The City of Baltimore is the third steamer in point of size afloat. She is 347 feet long, 2,464 tons, and her engines of 500 horse power. Capt. Robert Leitch is her commander.

The vessel encountered ice bergs on her route, but Capt. Leitch, for safety, deviated from the direct route, which somewhat delayed the passage.

ENGLAND.—Lord Elgin has refused the Governor Generalship of Victoria, and his late Canadian Private Secretary is talked of for that office.

In the British Parliament, the government sustained another defeat, having been out voted by a majority of 28, in favor of open competition for the civil appointments.

Lord John Russell has given notice of a motion inquiring into the present state of Italy.

Lord Malmesbury has given notice of his intention to move a vote of censure in relation to the fall of Kars.

The event exciting the most public attention in England was the grand review of the fleet, on Wednesday, the 23d ult. The papers overflow with the details. Over 100,000 spectators were present, on land and sea. The fleet numbered over two hundred ships of war, big and little. The steamers comprised 34,000 horse power, carried 3,000 guns and 33,000 men.

The fleet included 10 gunboats, and 3 floating batteries, and extended twelve miles along the water, east and west, across Spithead. The fleet formed four squadrons, and performed a great many naval manœuvres, for the edification of the Queen.

The London Morning Star, an organ of the Manchester party, says: "We are told, that at the meeting of the Cabinet, on Tuesday, the 22d, at which Lord Clarendon was present, for the first time since his return from Paris, the answer to the United States was agreed upon, on some of the points connected with the Central American question.

The British Government are prepared to give way, but they will not recall Mr. Crampton, and they are also prepared to communicate to the United States Government, that they are unanimous in their determination to continue him in his present position as British Minister at Washington.

The principal feature of the news is the official publication of the Treaty of Peace, and the formal proclamation of Peace.

Three appended Conventions are also provided for. The first has reference to the passage of the Dardanelles; the second for arranging the details of the naval force in the Black Sea, and the third declaring that the Aland Isles are not to be fortified.

There is also an important declaration of maritime law, viz: abolishing privateering, and providing that neutral flags, neutral cargoes except contraband articles, with the addition that neutral goods under the enemy's flag are exempt from capture.

The Peace document contains thirty-four articles. The *first* restores perpetual friendship, between Great Britain, Sardinia, Turkey, France and Russia.

Second.—All territories conquered or occupied during the war, shall be reciprocally evacuated as soon as possible.

Third.—Russia restores to Turkey, Kars, and all other parts of the Ottoman Empire.

Fourth.—The Allies restore to Russia the towns and ports of Sebastopol, Balaklava, Kamiesch, Eupatoria and Kertsch.

Nos. 5 and 6, relate to a general amnesty and exchange of prisoners, and Nos. 7 and 8 give Turkey admission into the European political system and secure European arbitration in cases of dispute with her.

Ninth.—The Sultan communicated to the powers his firman granting equality to Christians, which the contracting powers much approve of, but divest themselves of all right thereby to interfere in the internal administration of the government of the Ottoman Empire.

Tenth.—The Convention of 13th of July, 1841, closing the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, is reaffirmed.

Eleventh.—The Black Sea is neutralized and forever forbidden to all ships of war of every power, adjoining or distant, with the exceptions specified in articles 14th and 19th.

Twelfth.—Trade shall be free in the Black Sea waters and ports, subject only to police regulations, Russia and Turkey admitting consuls to all ports on its shores.

Thirteenth.—The Black Sea being neutralized, strongholds become useless; consequently, Turkey and Russia agree neither to construct nor preserve any military maritime arsenals on the coast.

Fourteenth.—The Convention regulating the force of ships for coast service, is concluded individually between Turkey and Russia, but is appended to this treaty, and cannot be altered without general assent.

Fifteenth.—The Act of the Congress of Vienna, relative to river navigation, is applied to the Danube and its mouths, and its freedom becomes a part of the law of Empire.

Sixteenth.—To carry Article Fifteen into effect, France, Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, and Turkey, appoint each a delegate to put the river in a navigable state from Isaicha to Tan.

Seventeenth.—Austria, Bavaria, Turkey and Wurtemburg add each a delegate to the Principalities Commission, to form a permanent Commission to keep the river navigable and superintend its police.

Eighteenth.—The named general commission will be dissolved in two years, and the permanent commission take its place.

Nineteenth.—Each of the contracting powers may station two small ships at the mouth of the Danube.

Twentieth.—Russia assents to the rectification of the Bessarabian frontier. The new frontier starts from the Black Sea, one mile east of Lake Bonona Sola to the Akerman Road, along which extends the valley of Trajan, passing South of Belgrade, and reascends to the River Yalpack to Savatalka, and terminates at Kamael, on the river Pruth. Elsewhere it is unchanged.

Twenty first.—This ceded territory is annexed to Moldavia.

Twenty-second.—Moldavia and Wallachia continue under the sovereignty of Turkey, with the guarantee of all the contracting Powers that no Power shall claim the individual right of interference.

Twenty-third.—The Porte guarantees to the said Principalities, the continuance of freedom of religion and commerce. The contracting Powers appoint a Commission to meet immediately at Bucharest, to report on the present condition and wants of the Principalities.

Twenty fourth.—The Porte will immediately convoke a Divan in each Principality, to learn the wishes of the people as to their definite organization.

Twenty fifth.—Minutes thereof shall be sent to Paris, where the Constitution shall be framed which the Porte shall promulgate.

Twenty sixth.—The Principalities shall maintain a militia, and may construct works of defence approved by the Porte.

Twenty seventh.—If the internal tranquility of the Principalities be disturbed, the Porte must consult the contracting powers, and cannot employ armed intervention without their consent.

Twenty-eighth.—Servia continues to be a dependency of the Porte under the Powers guaranteed, and it retains its National administration and freedom of religion and trade.

Twenty-ninth.—The right of garrison in Servia is reserved by the Porte, but no armed intervention is permitted without the consent of the Powers.

Thirtieth.—Russia and Turkey retain their possessions in Asia precisely as before the war, but their frontiers are to be marked out by the survey.

Thirty first.—The evacuation of Turkey by the Allied and Austrian forces, shall take place as soon as convenient. The time and manner of such evacuation shall be the subject of private arrangement between each of the Powers and Turkey.

Thirty-second.—Until arrangements shall be made trade shall go on as before the war.

Thirty third.—A Convention, (the contents secret) concludes between France, England and Russia, respecting the Aland Isles, shall be appended to the treaty.

Thirty fourth.—The ratification shall be exchanged at Paris, within four weeks.

The London Sun republished the treaty, surrounded with a mourning border.

FRANCE.—An imperial decree has been issued, ordering a further reduction of the army.

The French provincial journals speak of inundations which have been caused in many parts of the country by the late heavy rains. On the 14th, the Garonne at Toulouse and Agen began to rise, and on the following day was eighteen feet higher than the usual level. The road from Bordeaux to Toulouse was several feet under water.

The expedition to Madagascar seems to be given up for the present. It is also stated, that it will not be undertaken unless in concert with or with the consent of England.

SPAIN.—The state of Spain is beginning to attract the attention of the French government. It has been rather irritated on receiving a report from its Consul at St. Sebastian, to the effect that a piece very hostile to the French had been performed at the theatre there, and that the local authorities would not, for some time, please the Consul by prohibiting it. Another circumstance which annoys the Government is, that Barbes, and some other of the violent French Socialists, are in Barcelona, of course for the purpose of creating disturbances.

ITALY.—There is a rumor of a Conference in Italy, to take into consideration the state of that unhappy country; but it is asserted in the Vienna and Milan journals, that Austria, in what she is doing, has the concurrence of France; and that England will "talk daggers, but use none."

The French Government is very averse to the idea of giving any encouragement at all to revolutionary projects in Italy, and it does not at all approve of the language of the English press on the subject.

RUSSIA.—Russia, having been defeated by the Allies, is taking her revenge on France and England by borrowing their spare cash. The visit of the Baron De Steiglitz to Paris is understood to have relation to various plans for assisting commercial enterprise entertained by the Russian Government. The principal idea is the foundation of a bank at St. Petersburg on the Credit Mobilier system.

The Czar has been on a visit to Moscow. He addressed the civil and military authorities in the following manner, which is the complement to the manifesto lately issued at St. Petersburg; it explains the views and confirms the promises put forth in that remarkable document.

"Gentlemen: The war is over; for I ratified the treaty of peace which had been signed at Paris before I left St. Petersburg. I am happy to be able to announce the news to you officially, and to repeat to the nobility of Moscow the words which I addressed to my people in my last manifesto. Russia was able to defend herself for many years to come, and I believe that no matter what forces were brought against her she was invulnerable on her own territory. But I felt that it was my duty, in the real interests of the country, to lend an ear to proposals compatible with the national honor. War is an abnormal state, and the greatest successes obtained by it scarcely compensate for the evils it occasions. It had caused an interruption of the commercial relations of the Empire with most of the States of Europe. I should certainly have carried it on had not the voice of neighboring States pronounced itself against the policy of late years. My father, of imperishable memory, had his reasons for acting as he did. I know his views, and I adhere to them from my very soul; but the treaty of Paris has obtained the object which it was his ambition to obtain, and I prefer this means to war.

"Many of you, I am aware, regret that I should have so readily accepted the propositions made to me. It was my duty as a man, and as the head of a great empire, either to reject or accept them frankly. I have honorably and conscientiously fulfilled that duty. I am sure that allowances will be made for the difficult position in which I was placed, and that shortly every devoted friend of Russia will render justice to my views and intentions for the welfare of the country.

"Supposing the fate of arms should have remained constantly favorable to us, as it has been in Asia, the empire would have exhausted its resources in keeping up large armies on different points, the soldiers of which would in a great measure be taken away from agriculture and labor. In the government of Moscow itself, many manufactories have been compelled to close. I prefer the real prosperity of the arts of peace to the vain glory of combats.

"I have thrown open the ports of Russia to the commerce of the world, the frontiers to the free circulation of foreign produce. I wish, henceforth, that the greatest facility shall be afforded in our markets for the exchange of ware of every origin, and of the raw materials and manufactures of our soils. Various projects will shortly be communicated to you, the object of which will be to give an impulse to home industry, and in which, I trust, every nobleman will take a share."

The Berlin correspondent of the Times reports the Emperor to have expressed his determination that all the children born of serfs on and after the day of his coronation shall be free.

PERSIA.—The difficulty with England is nearly settled.

Advices from Teheran say that the Americans there are endeavoring to make a treaty of commerce.

BERLIN, Tuesday evening, April 29.—Various accounts from the Austrian dominions show that the intolerance of the Roman Catholic clergy has been inflamed by the Concordat to that degree, that the Government must interfere.

It is officially announced that the accouchment of the Empress of Austria may be expected to take place early in June.

It is reported that a Council of War at Berlin has condemned M. de Rochow, who killed Herr von Hinkeldey in a duel, to three years imprisonment in a fortress.

TURKEY.—The French have evacuated Kinburn.

Constantinople letters announce that great sensation had been caused there by the Sultan having paid a visit to the Greek patriarch, an act heretofore unexampled. They add that typhus was rapidly declining amongst the French in the Crimea.

THE CRIMEA.—Letters from the camp report that the preparations for the departure of the army continue active. On the 18th April, Gen. Pelissier reviewed the entire Crimean army, in the presence of Gen. Luders, a considerable number of Russian officers, Gen. Codrington, and De la Marmora.

Cotton, in the news of the 25th, was reported ⅛d better, but the last a rival, (Liverpool 30th,) says:—Cotton is variously reported as being easier, but not quotably lower, and as having declined ⅛. The decline, however, appears to be confined to lower qualities, while fair and middlings are easier, without much change. Messrs Richardson, Spence & Co. quote New Orleans Middlings, 5 3-16ths; Mobile, 5 3-16ths; Uplands, 5 ⅝. The sales for four days have been 27,000 bales, including 5,500 to speculators and exporters.

Breadstuffs.—The market for Breadstuffs is firm, with the transaction of a moderate business. Flour has advanced 6d a 1s. Wheat is 1d a 2d better, and Corn is firm with improvement of 5d. Western and Flour is quoted 29s a 32s. Good Ohio 31s 6d a 33s 6d. White Corn 29s 6d a 30s. Yellow and mixed Corn 30s.

Provisions—Beef is unchanged in price, with a moderate business. In lieces quotations are unchanged. The business is rather limited, at 53s a 55s 6d. Long Middles 54s a 54s 6d. Lard unchanged, with a moderate demand at 53s a 54s. Tallow unchanged, business very dull. Pot ashes active, but without change in quotations; sales at 33s. Pearls unchanged, business moderate. Common Rosin 4s 6d a 4s 10d. Spirits Turpentine unchanged, at 34s.

LONDON, April 29.—The money market is tighter, and a new loan is anticipated. Consols 93¾ a 93⅞.

A WHITE SLAVE.—The Palmyra (Missouri) papers give the particulars of a slave case which recently happened there. A female slave of a Mr. Pond, living near Palmyra, ran away, and after several days' search was captured on the ferry-boat crossing from Missouri to Quincy. She had been kept at the house of a Mr. Davis, a German, in Palmyra, for a few days, and brought thence by Scheible, another German, to the ferry-boat opposite this city. When she was taken back to Palmyra, both Germans and a free negro were imprisoned. Upon the examination of Scheible, he alleged that he did not know the girl was a slave, as she was white. Several gentlemen were called on the witness stand, who testified that they had seen her while she was at Davis's, and thought she was a white woman. After a three days trial, Scheible was discharged on the ground of his ignorance of her being a slave; but "he found it necessary," the Palmyra Weig states, "to leave the country forthwith." Davis is still in jail awaiting his trial, and will, it is intimated, be sent to the Penitentiary.

POLITICAL NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Philadelphia city election on May 6th, resulted in the defeat of the Know Nothings, and the election of the Democratic candidates, with Richard Vaux at their head as Mayor, by over four thousand majority. A number of the Whigs, headed by the "North American," supported the Democratic ticket, on local and reformatory grounds. The Republicans ran a separate ticket and polled about 800 votes.

PROBABLE ACCEPTANCE OF MR. FILLMORE.—The Boston Evening Traveller of May 5th, publishes a letter from the Hon. S. G. Haven, formerly law partner of Mr. Fillmore, and now member of Congress, dated April 13th, in which he states, that no ground exists for the report that Mr. Fillmore will decline the American nomination. On the contrary, Mr. Haven shows from the correspondence of Mr. Fillmore, that he is disposed to accept the nomination, and Mr. H. gives it as his opinion that he will do so.

CONNECTICUT.—The Legislature, in joint meeting on May 8th, re elected Governor Miner by a majority of 19. The other anti Administration State officers were all chosen by the same majority.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The American State Council of New Hampshire met on May 6th, and elected Delegates to the Free Soil American Convention, to meet in New York on the 12th of June. A series of resolutions were reported and unanimously adopted, taking strong American and Anti-Nebraska grounds, endorsing the action of their Convention, in seceding from the Philadelphia Convention, and repudiating the nomination of Fillmore and Donelson.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The anti-Fillmore members of the American Council, after leaving that body, held a session at the Adams House, on the evening of May 7. A resolution was adopted repudiating the Fillmore and Donelson nomination, and delegates were appointed to the anti-Fillmore National Council, to meet in New York city on the 12th of June. The Council had previously endorsed the Fillmore nomination by a decided majority.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Democratic State Convention, called for the purpose of selecting Delegates to the National Convention, at Cincinnati, met at Columbia on May 5th. The Hon. F. W. Pickens was chosen permanent President, and in his address spoke at length in favor of the Democracy of the State being represented in the National Convention. A series of resolutions was adopted, sustaining the doctrine of State Rights, re-affirming the resolutions of the Georgia State Convention, and endorsing President Pierce as the first choice of the State.

VIRGINIA.—The American State Convention adjourned on May 5th, after appointing Electors for the several Congressional and Senatorial districts and counties.

The Convention adopted several resolutions, the first of which ratifies the nomination of Mr. Fillmore, and endorses him as true to the Union and the Constitution and knowing no North, no South, no East, no West, but looking to the interests of the whole country. The second endorses Mr. Donelson as a friend of the Union, and faithful to the Constitution. The third condemns Squatter Sovereignty under the Nebraska bill, under which aliens vote in violation of the naturalization laws, and the settlement of the anti-Slavery sentiment, thereby secured in every territory hereafter formed. The fourth denounces the proscriptive spirit and harsh invectives of the Democratic party towards the American party as unjustifiable and unpatriotic. The fifth holds the Democratic party responsible for the embarrassed condition of the finances of Virginia.

ILLINOIS.—The Know Nothing State Convention was in session at Chicago on May 8th, and endorsed the nomination of Fillmore and Donelson. The Convention also nominated William B. Archer for Governor, M. S. Dunlap for Lieutenant Governor, Anthony Thornton for Secretary of State, and James Miller for Treasurer.

JUDGE MCLEAN ON SLAVERY IN THE TERRITORIES.—The possible choice of Judge McLean, of the Supreme Court, as the Republican and Anti-Nebraska Bill candidate for the Presidency, has caused the republication of an article contributed by him to the National Intelligencer in 1847, when the question of Mexican annexation was before the country. The substance of said article is that Slavery exists by virtue of the local or municipal law, and that Congress has no power by the Constitution to establish it in any Territory—or even authorize its existence, save when stipulated by a Treaty of Cession, for the preservation of rights of property already existing.—All Free Territory, he holds, must remain free, until the formation of a State Government—which may establish slavery therein if it so chooses. The question whether Congress would have the power to insist upon a perpetual prohibition of slavery in the Constitution of a new State, as a condition of admittance to the Union, is not touched. It may be also that Judge McLean's views have been modified in some respects by the discussions and experiences of the last nine eventful years.

THE INDIAN WAR IN FLORIDA.—Intelligence from Tampa, states that hostile Indians are near the town. On the 16th ultimo a man was shot dead in his field, about 15 miles from Tampa. The settlers at once threw themselves together into the fort for defence, and a party of volunteers left Tampa, and went southward in pursuit of the savages. In the absence of the volunteers, the town was in rather an unprotected state, and some uneasiness was felt. The hostile Indians were variously estimated at 200 to 600 warriors. The United States troops in the State consist of three companies, and two detachments, in addition to which there are four companies in the State service, the whole under the command of Col. Monroe, 2d Artillery.

MR. SOULE ON NICARAGUA.—A meeting was held at New Orleans on April 29th, which was addressed by Mr. Soule and others. Mr. Soule *pledged his honor* that the Nicaraguan Government would be acknowledged by our own, and professed to know that such would be the fact. He proposed to raise a loan to aid Gen. Walker. Col. Parker H. French also spoke.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

We found a material increase in the supply of Beef Cattle on sale at Allerton's, but the quality being rather better than usual, in connection with a good demand, that market was very well sustained—on an average decline of only about ½c ⅌ lb less than established. The increasing supply of small meat and spring vegetables is beginning to tell on the sale of Beef, and if the average number of cattle for the past few weeks shall be continued, lower prices would seem to be inevitable. The bulk of the receipts this week were from Ohio and Illinois—the best stock producing States in the Union.

Number on sale for the week, 2,794 head, of which, it was the general belief, quite a number would be left over unsold.

Cows and Calves were quite dull, but with a limited supply full prices were realized.

Veal Calves were in large supply, and prices fell off from ½c to ½c ⅌ lb from last market day; 1,438 were received, and prices ranged from 3½c to 5½c ⅌ lb. live weight.

Swine plenty and dull; 2,915 sold at last week's quotations.

Sheep and Lambs very scarce and wanted.

Prices.

Beef Cattle, extra quality, per 100 lb.		$11 00 a 11 50
Do good quality,	"	10 00 a 10 50
Do common,	"	9 00 a 9 50
Do inferior,	"	8 00 a 8 50
Cows and Calves, extra,		60 00 a 75 00
Do do good,		45 00 a 55 00
Do do common,		25 00 a 35 00
Veals,		3½ a 4½
Do extra,		6½ a 7
Sheep and Lambs,		2 50 a 7 00
Swine, grass,		5½ a 6½
Do corn,		6 a 6

The market at Brownlee's is without change in prices, except for Sheep and Lambs, which sell at 2½c a 3c better. Cows and Calves sell from $30 to $75, according to quality. The sales are as follows:

318 Beef Cattle, Small; 31 Cows and Calves, $30 a 75; 71 Veal Calves, 4a5; 1,567 Sheep and Lambs, $4.50.

Sold by James McCarthy, at Browning's, for the week ending May 7, 1856:

46 Sheep and Lambs	$228.75	337 Sh'p and L'mbs	$2,415.31
50 do	250.00	60 do	397.50
100 do	475.00	23 do	113.50
100 do	512.00	106 do	621.50
326 do	907.00		
	1,022		$5,419.56

Average ⅌ head $5.30

There was a moderate supply of stock at Chamberlain's, with prices somewhat lower than those of last week. The following are the sales:

122 Beef Cattle	$3.00 a 10.00
61 Cows and Calves	25.00 a 65.00
2,135 Sheep and Lambs	2.50 a 6.50
72 Veal Calves, live weight,	3½c. a 4½c.

The market at O'Brien was about as well supplied as usual with all kinds of stock. Beef cattle sell about ½c ⅌ lb lower than last week. Cows and Calves are without change. Veal Calves are in more demand, and sell from 4½c to 5½c. The sales are as follows:

121 Beeves	$3.00 a 10.50
73 Cows and Calves	35.00 a 60.00
46 Veal Calves	4½c. a 5½c.

RECAPITULATION.

	Beeves.	Cows and Calves.	Veal Calves.	Sheep and Lambs.
Allerton's	2,774	31	1,438	81
Brownlee's	318	31	71	1,567
Chamberlain's	122	28	72	2,130
O'Brien's	121	73	46	
Total	3,135	213	1,627	3,778

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET.

The offerings of Cattle were 625 head at which 300 were sold for New York and 100 driven to Philadelphia. The remainder sold at rates ranging from $3a9.25 net. Hogs are dull, with sales at $7a7.25.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, May 12th, 1856.

The advices from abroad have had little or no effect on the market, but the unsettled state of the weather has operated very unfavorably on the business operations of the last week. Hostilities continue in limited request, and prices of most kinds are in favor of the buyer. Bank is scarce and wanted, at a further advance. The market for Cotton has been quiet, and prices somewhat irregular. The Coal trade is more active, Iron remains firm, but without much movement to notice in the way of sales. In Groceries there is not much doing. Sugar and Molasses are firmly held, but coffee is rather easier. The Provision market is moderately active, but Pork is lower. Hides and Leather are firm, with a good business to note. Naval Stores, with the exception of Spirits Turpentine, which has advanced, are quiet. Oils—Very little selling, Linseed dull. Salt: no change. Seeds are neglected. Whiskey is scarce, and rather higher, and Wool is steady, with moderate transactions to notice. In other articles there are no important changes since the close of last week. The following are some of the principal articles exported from this port for the week:

SPANISH WEST INDIES.

Flour	bbls.	2,200	Soap	lbs	13,954
Lard	lbs.	7,000	Tallow	"	8,126
Butter	lbs	2,987	Rice	tcs	51
Cheese	lbs.	2,500	Beef,	bbls	5
Dried Fish		30,7-5	Coal	tons	321
Tobacco		2,126	Cider	boxes	125
Candles		2,000			

BRITISH WEST INDIES.

Flour	bbls.	208	Lard	lbs.	2,500
Corn Meal	"	600	Tobacco	hhds	2
Ship Bread		75	Corn	bus.	800
Vinegar		10			

BRITISH N. A. COLONIES.

Flour	bbls.	44	Ship Bread	bbls	140
Corn Meal	"	1,520	Naval Stores		50
Rye Meal	"	1,344	Coal	tons	100

ENGLAND.

Flour	bbls.	3,020	Corn	bush	20,240
Pork		Bbl	Rye		70,000
Oil	casks,	42	Lard,	lbs	25,840
Bark,		156	Cheese		4,197
Yellow Metal	cases	28	Wax		3,724
Wheat	bush	5,229			

SOUTH AMERICA.

Flour	bbls.	1,500	Lard	lbs	6,100
Beans & Peas	bush	1,100	Dried Fish		2,000
Corn	bush,	100	Hams		5,000
Rice	tcs	28	Butter		4,440
Beef	bbls	4	Cheese		604
Sugars		40	Soap		540

ASHES—Prices of both kinds continue unsettled, with little or no stock to operate in.

BARK—Quercitron is in good demand, and the receipts, which are very light, about 15 hhds in all have been disposed of, mostly before arrival, at $31 ⅌ ton No 1, establishing a higher advance; it is scarce and wanted at the latter rate.

BEESWAX—Is very much above par, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers, and the only is offered of good yellow.

COAL—Receipts are increasing—business is rather more active—the demand, however, is moderate for the season, and prices show no alteration—no Lehighnons Coal arriving or wellers' advances; it is scarce and wanted at the latter rate.

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CANDLES—Adamantine are selling to the difference in the way of sales. In Grocceries there is not much doing. Sugar and Molasses are firmly held, but coffee is rather easier. The Provision market is moderately active, but Pork is lower. Hides and Leather are firm, with a good business to note. Naval Stores, with the exception of Spirits Turpentine, which has advanced, are quiet. Oils—Very little selling, Linseed dull. Salt: no change. Seeds are neglected. Whiskey is scarce, and rather higher, and Wool is steady, with moderate transactions to notice. In other articles there are no important changes since the close of last week. The following are some of the principal articles exported from this port for the week:

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Dried Fish		30,7-5	Coal	tons	321
Tobacco		2,126	Cider	boxes	125
Candles		2,000			

BRITISH WEST INDIES.

Flour	bbls.	208	Lard	lbs.	2,500
Corn Meal	"	600	Tobacco	hhds	2
Ship Bread		75	Corn	bus.	800
Vinegar		10			

BRITISH N. A. COLONIES.

Flour	bbls.	44	Ship Bread	bbls	140
Corn Meal	"	1,520	Naval Stores		50
Rye Meal	"	1,344	Coal	tons	100

ENGLAND.

Flour	bbls.	3,020	Corn	bush	20,240
Pork		Bbl	Rye		70,000
Oil	casks,	42	Lard,	lbs	25,840
Bark,		156	Cheese		4,197
Yellow Metal	cases	28	Wax		3,724
Wheat	bush	5,229			

SOUTH AMERICA.

Flour	bbls.	1,500	Lard	lbs	6,100
Beans & Peas	bush	1,100	Dried Fish		2,000
Corn	bush,	100	Hams		5,000
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Beef	bbls	4	Cheese		604
Sugars		40	Soap		540

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Tobacco		2,126	Cider	boxes	125
Candles		2,000			

BRITISH WEST INDIES.

Flour	bbls.	208	Lard	lbs.	2,500
Corn Meal	"	600	Tobacco	hhds	2
Ship Bread		75	Corn	bus.	800
Vinegar		10			

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Corn Meal	"	1,520	Naval Stores		50
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Flour	bbls.	1,500	Lard	lbs	6,100
Beans & Peas	bush	1,100	Dried Fish		2,000
Corn	bush,	100	Hams		5,000
Rice	tcs	28	Butter		4,440
Beef	bbls	4	Cheese		604
Sugars		40	Soap		540

ASHES—Prices of both kinds continue unsettled, with little or no stock to operate in.

BARK—Quercitron is in good demand, and the receipts, which are very light, about 15 hhds in all have been disposed of, mostly before arrival, at $31 ⅌ ton No 1, establishing a higher advance; it is scarce and wanted at the latter rate.

BEESWAX—Is very much above par, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers, and the only is offered of good yellow.

COAL—Receipts are increasing—business is rather more active—the demand, however, is moderate for the season, and prices show no alteration—no Lehighnons Coal arriving or sellers' advances; it is scarce and wanted at the latter rate.

CANDLES—Adamantine are selling to the difference in the way of sales. In Groceries there is not much doing. Sugar and Molasses are firmly held, but coffee is rather easier. The Provision market is moderately active, but Pork is lower. Hides and Leather are firm, with a good business to note. Naval Stores, with the exception of Spirits Turpentine, which has advanced, are quiet. Oils—Very little selling, Linseed dull. Salt: no change. Seeds are neglected. Whiskey is scarce, and rather higher, and Wool is steady, with moderate transactions to notice. In other articles there are no important changes since the close of last week. The following are some of the principal articles exported from this port for the week:

SPANISH WEST INDIES.

Flour	bbls.	2,200	Soap	lbs	13,954
Lard	lbs.	7,000	Tallow	"	8,126
Butter	lbs	2,987	Rice	tcs	51
Cheese	lbs.	2,500	Beef,	bbls	5
Dried Fish		30,7-5	Coal	tons	321
Tobacco		2,126	Cider	boxes	125
Candles		2,000			

BRITISH WEST INDIES.

Flour	bbls.	208	Lard	lbs.	2,500
Corn Meal	"	600	Tobacco	hhds	2
Ship Bread		75	Corn	bus.	800
Vinegar		10			

BRITISH N. A. COLONIES.

Flour	bbls.	44	Ship Bread	bbls	140
Corn Meal	"	1,520	Naval Stores		50
Rye Meal	"	1,344	Coal	tons	100

ENGLAND.

Flour	bbls.	3,020	Corn	bush	20,240
Pork		Bbl	Rye		70,000
Oil	casks,	42	Lard,	lbs	25,840
Bark,		156	Cheese		4,197
Yellow Metal	cases	28	Wax		3,724
Wheat	bush	5,229			

SOUTH AMERICA.

Flour	bbls.	1,500	Lard	lbs	6,100
Beans & Peas	bush	1,100	Dried Fish		2,000
Corn	bush,	100	Hams		5,000
Rice	tcs	28	Butter		4,440
Beef	bbls	4	Cheese		604
Sugars		40	Soap		540

ASHES—Prices of both kinds continue unsettled, with little or no stock to operate in.

BARK—Quercitron is in good demand, and the receipts, which are very light, about 15 hhds in all have been disposed of, mostly before arrival, at $31 ⅌ ton No 1, establishing a higher advance; it is scarce and wanted at the latter rate.

BEESWAX—Is very much above par, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers, and the only is offered of good yellow.

COAL—Receipts are increasing—business is rather more active—the demand, however, is moderate for the season, and prices show no alteration—no Lehighnons Coal arriving or sellers' advances; it is scarce and wanted at the latter rate.

CANDLES—Adamantine are selling to the difference in the way of sales. In Groceries there is not much doing. Sugar and Molasses are firmly held, but coffee is rather easier. The Provision market is moderately active, but Pork is lower. Hides and Leather are firm, with a good business to note. Naval Stores, with the exception of Spirits Turpentine, which has advanced, are quiet. Oils—Very little selling, Linseed dull. Salt: no change. Seeds are neglected. Whiskey is scarce, and rather higher, and Wool is steady, with moderate transactions to notice. In other articles there are no important changes since the close of last week. The following are some of the principal articles exported from this port for the week:

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Tobacco		2,126	Cider	boxes	125

EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.—A few weeks since, in the Nicholas Circuit Court, Ky., Mr. Garrett Davis was bullying a witness named Roberts, and derisively called him captain, when the following dialogue took place.

Witness—I am no military man, Mr. Davis, but when you are elected President, I hope you will give me a commission. [Laughter.]

Mr. Davis (furiously)—If I were President, the first thing I should do would be to have you hung, sir!

Witness (with a quiet bow)—Thank you, Mr. Davis; but if I live until you become a President to have me hung, life will become a burden.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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I have found your EXPECTORANT a valuable article in a very troublesome, persistent cough that I have had for many years, which depended on a disposition of the Bronchia to take a morbid action pending changes in the weather. It has been relieved by LESS THAN A SINGLE BOTTLE. I opened the bottle for the benefit of an infant child, whose lungs were laboring under an engorgement of mucus—after premising an emetic at first. I have found the Expectorant sufficient ever since—a portion of the bottle cured my cough. I am now giving it to a relative who has a predisposition to ASTHMA, whose health is improving under its use. The improved weather no doubt a favorable influence—but I shall persevere in its use. Signed D. LAUDERDALE.

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We believe we cannot do our readers a more important service, than by again calling their attention to that most remarkable preparation, discovered by *Dr. Seth S. Hance*, of Baltimore, Md., which possesses the power of alleviating and curing that horrid visitation of man—Epilepsy, or Falling Fits. In recommending this preparation to our readers, we do so with a conviction that we are not degrading our columns to puff a common patent medicine, but are placing before them a discovery, which, if fully known, would probably do more to alleviate human suffering, than any invention of modern times. Dr. Hance, in asking us to notice his preparation favorably in our editorial department, has sent us for perusal a number of letters from persons who have used his Pills, and have been cured thereby. All of them speak in the most grateful and eulogistic terms. One great advantage this medicine possesses is the fact, that it can be transported through the mails, thereby affording every one an opportunity of dealing directly with the inventor, and also precluding all possibility of being imposed on by a counterfeit or spurious imitation. Dr. Hance pays the postage on his Pills to any part of the country, and will forward them by return of mail, on the receipt of a remittance. His prices are as follows: One box $1; two do. $5; twelve do. $24. All orders for the medicine should be addressed to *Seth S. Hance*, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

The "GREAT ABSORBENT," *Dr Smith's* (genuine) "*Electric Oil.*" This Oil cured the wife of Dr. Hilliton (166 Chestnut St.) *in one day*" and Miss McGinley, 1017 N. 6th St., who was an awful sufferer 14 *months*, could not move hand nor foot, was cured in a few days. Ask the Mayor and hundreds more.

Dr. Hance, of Baltimore, to whom Dr. Smith has sold *thousands of bottles*, said that that people had bored him half an hour at a time with praise of the "*Electric Oil*." Hon. John Williamson's wife was cured in two hours, although she could not walk before. Dr. Seay, of Lynchburg, Va., says it sells well, and gives universal satisfaction—same of *Purcell, Ladd & Co.*, Richmond, and hundreds more of the best dealers everywhere.

☞ Take particular notice that a miserable counterfeit is out with pictures of Sir Astley Cooper for the likeness of a young man, 21 years old, calling himself *Professor*. The *genuine* signed only "*A. B. Smith*," and only depot is corner WALNUT and 6th Sts., Philada.

THE ORGANIZATION OF CITY COUNCILS.—The new City Councils were organized on Monday. The occasion attracted a great crowd, among which, as well as among the members, we observed a great number of gentlemen who were clad in garments obtained at the cheap and fashionable clothing store of Rockhill & Wilson, 111 Chestnut Street, corner of Franklin Place.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—It has been stated in certain quarters that I was a student of Dr. Hunter's, and have adopted a treatment for Consumption similar to his. I therefore wish it distinctly understood, that I am a *graduate of the University of Pennsylvania*, 9th above Chestnut, Phila. and student of the late *Dr. Samuel G. Morton, of this city*, and that I practiced Inhalation long before I heard of Dr. Hunter of the *Royal College of Surgeons, London*, (!) whose treatment of Consumption is as unlike mine as light is unlike darkness.

S. PANCOAST, M. D., 144 Spring Garden St., Phila.

N. B.—There are a number, who were formerly Dr. Hunter's patients in this city and elsewhere, who will testify to the above. S. P.

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A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 59 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York my10-4t

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—DR. S. PANCOAST, of Philadelphia, Physician for Diseases of the Lungs and Throat by Medicated Inhalation, will visit the West next month, and will be pleased to see all those laboring under afflictions of the Throat and Chest.

He will be in Pittsburg about the 20th of May, and will remain a few days. ap19-5t

THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

DR. ROBERT HUNTER desires to announce that, for the information and guidance of those who are suffering from affections of the Throat and Lungs, he has established a Family Medical Paper, entitled "THE SPECIALIST, AND JOURNAL OF DISEASES OF THE CHEST," in which will be found a full exposition of his views on every subject connected with Pulmonary diseases.

The February number contains—in addition to much information which should be read by every one predisposed to or suffering from either Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, or Consumption—an extended explanation of the method of treatment by INHALATION.

Dr. HUNTER would also announce that he has opened branch establishments for the treatment of these diseases at Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

These offices are placed under the professional charge of skillful and accomplished resident Physicians, who have enjoyed, in Europe and in association with him in New York, long and great experience in the treatment of Pulmonary diseases. Patients resident in these cities will, therefore, in future enjoy all the advantages of Dr. HUNTER'S advice and treatment under the most favorable auspices.

These arrangements are rendered necessary by the empiricisms practiced under the name of *Inhalation*, both by wandering quacks, who, in many instances, use Dr. HUNTER'S name for their own purposes, and by the sale of *inhaling mouthpieces* at the drug stores throughout the country. Such influences tend to bring discredit on Inhalation and to discourage persons from availing themselves of this, the only scientific and successful mode of treating diseases of the Respiratory Organs.

In chronic affections of the Throat and Lungs there is no difficulty attending the treatment of cases by correspondence; and for the convenience of those wishing to avail themselves of his treatment, Dr. HUNTER has prepared a List of Questions which will enable them to give a more full and explicit statement of their cases. This List, together with a number of "THE SPECIALIST," will be forwarded on application to either of the following addresses:

New York—Dr. ROBERT HUNTER, No. 898 Broadway.
Philadelphia—Dr. F. MORSON, No. 302 Walnut Street.
Baltimore—Dr. J. B. WILLIAMS, No. 814 North Charles Street.

NOTE—Dr. MORSON can always be consulted *personally*, as well as by letter, at his residence, No. 302 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

"THE SPECIALIST" is published at $1 a year in advance. A specimen copy sent *free*, by addressing the Publishers, SHERMAN & Co., Astor House, New York; or the Editor, Dr ROBERT HUNTER. ap26-tf

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RETIRED PHYSICIAN, whose sands of life have nearly run out, discovered, while living in the Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Colds, and General Debility. Wishing to do as much good as possible, he will send to such of his afflicted fellow beings as request it, this recipe, with full directions for making up and successfully using it. He requires each applicant to enclose him one shilling, three cents to be returned as postage on the recipe, and the remainder to be applied to the payment of this advertisement. Address Dr. H. JAMES,
my17-2t Jersey City, N. J.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. JOHN H. REMMEY, to Miss FRANCES S. HARTLEY, both of this city.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. T. Bonker, Mr. GEORGE BOUKE, to Miss ELIZABETH B. CHATTEN, both of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the same, Mr. JOHN M. WILSON, to Miss EMMA M HANSELL, both of this city.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. M. R. Watkinson, Mr. WILLIAM F. P. HANSELL, to Miss MARY A. EVANS, all of Falls of Schuylkill.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. D. H. Cheney, Mr. GRANVILLE PARKIN, to Miss KATE B. PETTIT, both of this city.

In this city, on the 26th ult by the Rev. John Chambers, EDWARD P. DIXEY, of Boston, Mass to ANNIE D daughter of Jacob D. Ludwig, of Berks county, Pa.

On the 30th ultimo, by John O. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. JAMES R. IRONS, to Miss SARAH M. ANDERSON, all of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. JAMES G. BLACK, to Miss SUSANNA GEORGE, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. J. P. Campbell, Mr. JOSEPH H. TURNER, to Miss JOANNA WILLIAMS, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. John A. Roche, Mr. JOSEPH S. SCOTT, to ELIZA J. WITCHELL, all of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. ERNST O. POST, to Miss SOPHIA FOSTER, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. LEWIS M. AUSTIN, to Miss MARY MCNALLY, all of Philadelphia.

On the 4th inst by the Rev. P. Rielly, Mr. GEORGE MCCOLGAN, to Miss MARGARET MCNALLY, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. EZRA H. ELY, to Miss HARRIET VAN HORNE.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. Colin Gregor, Mr. JOHN P. RICHARDSON, to Miss MARY A. HEARD, all of Guelph, Canada West.

In Manayunk, on the 3d March, by the Rev. B. W. Morris, Mr. WALTER HILDEBRD, to Miss MARGARET DEVERS.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. D. McGill, Mr. THOMAS FAIR, to Miss MARY MCKINLEY, both of this city.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Samuel W. Ziegler, Mr. DAVID B. BECHTEL, to Miss SARAH M. DUNHAM, all of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. E. B. Bruen, Mr. JOHN BEITLER, of Hunterdon county, N. J. to Miss JANE B. MARWELL, of Philadelphia.

In Germantown, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. Newton Heston, GEORGE B. PELLINGER, to Miss MARY A. CARR.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. ANN FOWLER, aged 78 years.
On the 7th inst. MARY TEAS, aged 70 years.
On the 6th inst. JAMES HUSBY, aged 11 years.
On the 6th inst. MARY M. wife of John A. Irwin, aged 31 years.
On the 7th inst. ELLEN S. daughter of Samuel Copeland.
On the 5th inst. Mrs. CATHARINE REMENTER, aged 94 years.
On the 5th inst. WILLIAM FORD, aged 81 years.
On the 6th instant, HANNAH, daughter of Wm. B. and Elizabeth Odenaid, aged 18 years.
On the 7th inst. Miss ADELINE, daughter of Peter and Ann Tilghman, aged 23 years.
On the 6th inst. ISABELLA, daughter of Matthew and Isabella Felton, aged 16 years.
On the 5th inst. WILLIAM J. TAYLOR, aged 3 years.
On the 7th inst. Mrs. MARGARET DOWLING, aged 60.
On the 6th inst. SAMUEL A. MCILVAIN, aged 34 years.
At Black's Eddy, Bucks county, DAVID EVANS, Esq aged 62 years.
On the 7th inst. HENRY C. BENNETT, aged 24 years.
On the 8th inst. Mr. GEORGE W. HUSCH, aged 21.
On the 7th inst. JOHN L. son of John L. and Anna M Griffy, aged 9 years.
On the 7th inst. Mr. ABRAHAM ETTINGER, aged 31.
On the 5th inst. TERESSA, daughter of Edward and Elizabeth Murray, aged 17 months.
On the 2d instant, ELIZABETH, wife of J. C. Slocum, aged 35 years and 3 months.
On the 6th inst. Mr. AUGUSTUS R. PEALE, aged 37.
On the 6th inst. HENRY HERBERT, son of Thomas and Emma V Fitzgibbon, aged 3 years and 6 months.
On the 5th inst Mrs. MARY KIRKPATRICK, aged 83.
On the 6th inst. WILLIAM H. son of Wm. H and Anne W. Arthur, aged 23 months.
On the 8th inst. at Red Bank, N. J., Mr. JOSEPH MILLIGAN, aged 73 years.
On the 6th inst. REBECCA G. wife of Charles P. Lippincott, aged 23 years.
On the 6th inst. JAMES WILDRIED, son of Charles and Almira Houseman, aged 2 years and 3 months.
On the 5th inst. HARRY D. son of Edgar and Elizabeth Hartley, aged 22 months.
On the 4th inst. Mr THOMAS VANDEVENTER, aged 81.
On the 5th inst. MARTHA ARLENA, daughter of Coleman and Caroline Knapp, aged 3 years and 6 months.
On the 4th inst. SARAH GARRIGUS, daughter of Silas I and Mary M. Wilson, aged 2 years and 3 months.
On the 3d inst. ADELAIDE M. daughter of Wm. E. and Mary Gilmore, aged 3 years and 5 months.
On the 5d inst. MARTHA JANE, wife of Dr. C. W. Chipman, aged 42 years.
On the 4th inst MARY JANE, wife of Theodore Yardley, aged 33 years.
On the 3d inst. JAMES ALEXANDER, son of the Rev. M. D. and Arietta D. Kurtz, aged 16 months.
On the 3d inst. LAWRENCE, son of Edward J. and Mary E. Delany, aged 3 years and 7 months.

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Without HEALTH, even life is not desirable, unless a remedy can be found. It will be a part of our duty to teach the world how to preserve health as well as cure disease.

REFORMS IN OUR INDIVIDUAL HABITS,

in all our modes of life, will be pointed out, and made so plain that "he

Wit and Humor.

COLERIDGE, DICKENS, &c.—At a dinner party at Mr. Canning's, Coleridge, in his usual manner, monopolized the conversation, making Spain the text of about a three hour's sermon. He gave a sketch of the Moors; was very pathetic over the fall of Boabdil; elaborately described the Alhambra; epitomized Don Quixotte; quoted nearly half of Calderon and Lope de Vega; drew a vivid picture of Ferdinand and Isabella; denounced their neglect of Columbus, and hastily recapitulated the Peninsular War, including a few bull fights, *auto de fe's*, etc. At length he concluded by saying, "All those reflections rose to my mind in consequence of my meeting, on my way to this hospitable mansion, two of those gallant soldiers, the Life Guards, who fought in the Spanish war under the immortal Wellington."

Hook exclaimed across the table, "What an escape we have had; only suppose if *Coleridge had met the regiment!*"

One of the most entertaining bipeds we ever met with, either in the Old or New World, was an amateur author named Joseph Fearn. He would, by his power of mimicry, bring the man he wished to represent before you. He had a pardonable mania; it was to publish a book of his own writing at the expense of his fellow-creatures. For this purpose he commenced a subscription list, into which every man, woman and child he could get at within five miles was enlisted.

A friend having introduced him to Charles Dickens, one evening at a party, the next morning he wrote to the distinguished novelist, asking him to subscribe for his forthcoming book, which, was a religious one, entitled Schism and Repentance. A few days afterward he called upon his friend in a state of half delight and half perplexity, and exhibited a letter from the redoubtable Boz, somewhat in this fashion:

MY DEAR SIR: By all means put me down for a copy of Schism, but I'd advise you to keep Repentance for your publishers. Yours faithfully, CHARLES DICKENS.

Fearn was much puzzled to know if he could put the writer of such a qualified letter down as a bona fide subscriber.—*N. Y. Daily News.*

MRS. PARTINGTON'S OPINION ON KANSAS.—Mr. Shillaber, in describing a visit from the talkative Mrs. Partington to his editorial sanctum recently says:—

We asked her what her opinion was on the Kansas question. "They can be cured," said she, firmly, "though they are very painful and irrigating, yet they can be drawed out by plasters. They are humorous things, and may be irradiated by proper remedies." Heaven help us! she was thinking of eradicating cancers. We looked at her with surprise, mingled with admiration. Here was an instance of sublime simplicity. Here was one who knew nothing of the Kansas question! whose mind was yet fresh from the pollution of "border ruffians" or "squatter sovereignty"—and we vowed that such a mind, thus uncontaminated, was a treasure indeed. We looked on her as she sat there, but said nothing. Like Ensign Stebbings, after his Fourth of July dinner, we were too full to speak.

THE YEAR 2056.—Scene—Parlor in the house of an elderly gent. in New York. Old gent. telegraphs to the waiter, who ascends in a balloon.

Old Gent.—John, fly over to South America and tell Mr. Johnson I will be happy to see him sup with me. Never mind your coat now; go.

John leaves, and at the end of five minutes returns.

John—Mr. Johnson says he will come; he has got to go to the North Pole for a moment, and then he will be here.

Old Gent.—Very well, John; now start the machine for setting the table, and telegraph to my wife's room and tell her that Mr. Johnson is coming, then brush up my balloon, for I have an engagement in London at 12 o'clock.

John flies off to execute his order, and the old gentleman runs over to the West Indies for a moment to get a fresh orange.

TIT FOR TAT.—At Brechin, a country woman brought in some butter to a shop, and on its being weighed by the salesman it was pronounced to be too light.

"I'm sure it's nae that," said the woman.

Thinking he was to get some fun, he replied,

"Ye needna tell me that; it's nae richt wi' our weights at ony rate."

The woman determined to stand to her right, and ejaculated,

"I'm sure it's right."

"It's na," again replied the young lad.

Seeing the salesman was positive she got rather nettled, and rejoined,

"I bought some sugar frae you the ither day, an' as I lost my pund weight some way or ither, I just took ane o' your puns o' sugar to weigh my butter wi', so that if my butter wis ower licht, your sugar wis ower licht too."

MATRIMONIAL.—A very romantic gentleman puts the following advertisement in a New York paper. Where's the young lady that will "circumnavigate" him?

A gentleman, twenty-five years of age, a Kentuckian by birth, possessing an independent fortune and whose only happiness is found in moonlight, music, love and flowers, is desirous of devoting himself to the cultivation of those sweetnesses of existence, in connection with some beautiful young lady, who will esteem it her chiefest joy constantly to circumnavigate him, so to speak with the effulgent halo of her loving heart. Will such a maiden please address Fernando.

REMARKABLE FACT.—A fact very interesting to naturalists has just come to light in the Sixth Ward. There is not a frog, snake or toad, within the limits of that ward. The reason assigned is, that so much soil of Ireland has been brought over by the residents of that locality, that the Sixth Ward has ceased to be American ground. Tortoises are said to expire upon being brought thither; and it is averred that it is impossible to make even mock turtle soup here. Astonishing!—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE DIFFERENCE OF A LETTER.—An orator, perspiring freely, in a husky voice, said—"In short, ladies and gentlemen, I can only say that I wish I had a window in my bosom, that you might see the emotion of my heart."

The newspapers all printed the speech leaving the 'n' out of 'window.' He was taken somewhat aback when he read it.

☞ A line of powerful screw propeller steamers is shortly to commence running between New York and Cork. Some wag says that it is to be called the Cork-screw line.

ORGANIZING THE ARMY.—During the *Dorr war* in Rhode Island, a bill was brought in to "organize the army." This aroused from sleep an old man in one corner, who represented a town in the west part of the State.

"Mr. Speaker," says he, "I tell you I am decidedly opposed to organizing the army, as you call it. Our forefathers fit through the revolution with nothing but a drum and fife, and come off first best too! I go agin organs. They'll be dreadful onhandy things in battle, now I tell you!"

This was irresistible, and old "Aunt Rhody's Army" remains *unorganized* to this day.

OUTRAGEOUS PARODY.—A correspondent of the Savannah News suggests the following parody on Annie Laurie, dedicated to an acquaintance *in jail:*

Savannah's banks are bonny
When notes fell early due,
And 'twas there that Billy Laurie
Gave me his I. O. U.,
Gave me his I. O. U.,
And ne'er forget will I—
But for pay from Billy Laurie
I may whistle till I die.

A CONFAB.—"I say, Joe, how'd do; how's all the folks at home?"

"Putty well, only the old man has got the *miasma*, and Sal has got an *affection* for some feller—how's your's?"

"Oh, so so, 'cept the old man, he is getting old and *infernal!*" *Infirm*, we suppose, was the word intended—but neither Joe nor his friend were "Dictionary people."

THRILLING DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

Master Alfred.—"Don't, baby! You'll spoil it! Leave go, sir! Here, nurse, he's swallowing my new watch!"

Agricultural.

WORK FOR MAY.

BY WILLIAM SAUNDERS.

VEGETABLE GARDEN.—As soon as crops appear above ground, the soil should be carefully stirred around them. This is one of the advantages derived from drill culture, and a very important one it is during dry seasons. The deeper the ground is loosened, the better will it support vegetation; the loose ground on the surface acts as a mulching, and prevents the rapid evaporation of the moisture from below. The air is also allowed unimpeded access to the roots, facilitating those electro-chemical changes upon which the growth of plants so much depends. The most useful implement for this operation is the Dutch, or scuffle hoe; in using it, there is no occasion to tread on the loose ground. Heavy summer showers more or less consolidate the surface of all soils; surface stirring should therefore follow immediately after rains, and never allow weeds to gain sufficient headway to suggest the use of the hoe, but let the cleanliness and freedom from weeds be a consequence of repeated surface cultivation.

In planting Lima beans, guard against deep covering; if the ground is prepared as suggested last month, they may be simply pressed under the surface with the hand; there is sometimes no small difficulty in getting a good start, with this crop, in close soils. The principal sowings of parsnip, long beet, and orange carrot, if not already down, should receive early attention.

Towards the end of the month, sow a few seeds of Walcheren cauliflower, to come in for fall and early winter use.

Flat Dutch cabbage, and curled Savoy seed, should also be sown at once for winter crops.

Celery should be sown for main crops; choose enriched, friable soil, and mulch lightly with manure, and water occasionally in dry weather.

Young asparagus plantations should be mulched between the rows, and an occasional watering with salted water will be beneficial; two ounces of salt to a gallon of water will form a sufficiently strong solution.

Sweet corn, summer squash, and vegetable marrows, may be planted at intervals of two or three weeks, if a constant supply of tender vegetables is anticipated.

Peas, tomatoes, &c., may be hastened to maturity by pinching out the points of the plants; checking growth will induce a tendency to early fruiting.

In transplanting, always puddle the roots in a mortar of soil and water, unless the weather is dull and showery.

Sweet potatoes may be raised to tolerable perfection, even in strong, loamy soil, by throwing the ground into small mounds twelve or fourteen inches high, and inserting the plants on the extreme top of the mound. Plants may be obtained in quantity by placing a few roots in a hotbed, and cut out the young shoots when three or four inches grown; three such plants should be planted in a triangle on each hill.

HARDY FRUIT.—In connection with the writing of the calendars, we have had various inquiries in regard to the proper extent of enriching soil for fruit trees. Trees that were originally planted in rich compost, and have annually been liberally treated with manure, are, after nine years, still growing vigorously, but showing little or no disposition to fruit. This result is quite in accordance with experience. Trees have their periods of youth, maturity, and old age. When young, and growing with vigor, or, if this vigor is upheld with high culture, the wood-producing force is alone excited; and, in addition to this, they are annually curtailed of the strong shoots by pruning, in winter, it further increases the preponderance of the roots over the branches. There are various expedients practically resorted to with the view of checking wood growth. Grafting on a slow growing stock, which will naturally afford a less supply of sap than the graft would otherwise take up; digging round the roots, and cutting through the strongest of them; ringing, or cutting out a small piece of bark round the stem; tying the branches to a horizontal, or even a pendent position, are means which have long ago been practised to attain this object. The true method of deriving benefit from manuring fruit trees was not then, as it is but imperfectly, even now, understood. That is, by judicious and skillful *summer pruning*. Equalizing the sap, and preventing the development of luxurious shoots, must receive attention during growth. The most vigorous growing shoot will be effectually checked by simply breaking out the point. It is perfectly possible to train trees in any desired shape, and keep them in a healthy and constantly productive state, without the use of a knife, or any instrument sharper than the finger and thumb. This subject will come under consideration again.

STRAWBERRIES.—Hoe between the rows, and cover with a mulching, either of straw, tan bark, or short grass; anything that will keep the fruit clean; a thorough watering will be of great use after the first flowers are set to fruit.

GOOSEBERRIES.—Mildew may be prevented, by watering with soapsuds, over the branches. A radical cure for this pest may be formed by mixing a peck of lime, and a pound of sulphur, in ten gallons of water; let it stand and settle. A pint, in 4 gallons of water, syringed over the bushes when the fruit is forming, will keep them clean; cover the ground with manure, and spread a small quantity of salt over it, to keep as much moisture as possible about the roots.

FIGS should be uncovered; this fruit is much neglected; planted in rather poor, well drained soil, laid down and covered during winter, they are usually very productive.

GRAPES.—Rub off all superfluous shoots as soon as the strongest can be ascertained. In consequence of the extreme severity of the winter, much of the young wood is killed. Young vines, that ripened their wood imperfectly last season, are most likely to suffer in this way. Such shoots require to be cut back to a sound and healthy part. Even though only injured slightly, they require cutting down, as such unhealthy shoots spread disease over the whole plant.

GRAPERY.—In well-drained borders (and all vine borders should be well drained), thorough applications of rain water should be given at intervals of ten or twelve days, if the weather continue dry and clear. This is independent of the daily sprinkling necessary on the floor and paths of the house, to charge the atmosphere with moisture. Air regularly, but gradually; nothing can be more injurious than sudden checks, produced by a hasty opening of the ventilators; a fearful source of mildew. Towards the end of the month leave the top sashes open all night, and allow the temperature to fluctuate in a similar manner as the external atmosphere. There is no climate in the world where the temperature is constantly the same. Disbudding, and tying up the young shoots, will be the principal requirements. A slight syringing when in flower, helps to thin, or, rather, prevents the thick setting of the berries; of course, it must be done cautiously.

GREENHOUSE.—The top sashes may now be lowered day and night, unless heavy rains, or very strong winds prevail. Shading will now be requisite. An awning mounted on rollers is the most complete method. Washing the glass with whitewash, or painted with boiled oil and litharge, saves trouble, but the continued shade is not always desirable. The syringe may be used freely in distributing water over the house, and also those plants not in flower. Guard against currents of dry air sweeping over the plants, by ventilating only by the top openings. A shaded, moist atmosphere is most congenial to the majority of summer flowering plants.

Pelargoniums will still be flowering; pick off all decayed flowers, and gradually withhold water as they cease growing. Save seed from the best varieties. They ripen seed most perfectly out of doors, in a full exposure to the sun.

Camellias and Azaleas may be withdrawn from the house as they finish growth; plunge the pots in tan bark or ashes. Greenhouse plants are much injured by exposing the pots to sun and wind.

HEATHS.—Epacrises, and similar hard-wooded kinds, are better in the house during the summer months, unless under skillful management. The great point is to get the growths properly hardened and fitted for thorough exposure; then they will stand the fiercest sun without injury. In their natural habitats, they are subject for months to parching sun and intense aridity. The nearer we can imitate nature, the more likelihood of success. Young plants may be kept in a steady growing condition, by repotting when necessary, and keeping them in a moist shady position.

Cactii will require liberal watering while making growth; see that the soil is well drained.

Achemenes, Gloxinias, Clerodendrons, Begonias, Fuchsias, and other plants, for summer blooming, should be repotted as they require it, and attend in time to staking, pinching the shoots, &c., to form well-shaped plants. There is no beauty in plants that are grown tall and weak, and no surer indication of unskilful management.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Dahlias, heliotropes, balsams, and other tender plants, should be left under cover until the middle of the month. The hardier kinds may be planted out at once. In planting geometrical flower gardens, it has been usual to fill each bed with a separate kind of plant. When properly carried out, the effect is good. Where the beds are irregular, a better effect is produced by introducing several species, for instance a centre of scarlet pelargoniums may be surrounded with white verbenas. Blue salvias and the yellow monthers, heliotropes, and petunias, form good combinations. Beds of white roses are heightened in beauty when carpeted with scarlet verbenas. Much taste may be displayed in contrasting colors, and arranging plants with reference to height, shape, and color. These *mental* preliminaries should receive attention, and be decided on previous to commencing active operations. Chrysanthemum cuttings may be rooted readily at this season; they will come into flower for greenhouse and conservatory decoration in the fall.

Lawns must be frequently mown to look well; rake the cut grass quite clean. A hard broom will answer for small plots. In more extensive places, the patent grass or daisy rake, is indispensable. Cut early in the morning, when there is copious dew, and clean up immediately, if you wish to economise labor. A smooth, green lawn suggests repose and quiet; all necessary labor, in keeping, should therefore, be performed in the most expeditious manner.

PLEASURE GROUNDS.—Evergreens may be yet planted. The past winter has abridged our list of hardy sorts. Euonymus Japonica is done brown; that graceful plant, the Deodar cedar has also been sorely tried. It cannot be serviceable when a permanent evergreen tree is desired. We must confide in our well tried and trustworthy friends, the Norway and hemlock spruce, white pine, Bhotan pine, Scotch and Austrian firs, arbor vitæ, balsam, and silver firs, and the red cedar. Prune out all dead wood at once; many plants that appear hurt, have their buds uninjured, therefore it may be necessary to proceed with caution until growth commences. The remarks of last month on this head are still in season.—*Horticulturist.*

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

SALT FOR WHEAT.—Theodore Perry says, in the Prairie Farmer, that he sowed one and a half bushels of salt upon one-half of a ten acre field, just after seeding it with spring wheat; and the result was, that the salted portion was ready for the sickle five days earlier than the unsalted part; and not a particle of rust, scab, or smut could be found, and the increase of crop he estimated at five bushels per acre.

HEN MANURE.—A barrel of hen manure, mixed with muck, or leaf mould, will manure a half acre of corn, and is as valuable as guano. How many of our farmers gather and preserve this valuable fertilizer?

CORN STALKS FOR HEAVES.—A gentleman, in the American Agriculturist, states that he thoroughly cured a fine young mare, afflicted with the heaves, by feeding her on cornstalks, and that the disease never returned. The writer quotes Judge Buel's opinion as to cornstalks being a remedy, that distinguished agriculturist having had a horse afflicted with that disorder, which disappeared after being so fed.

AUCTIONS.—Wife. "Well, now, as sure as I'm alive, husband, you've been to auction and brought a pack of cinnamon roses home, and I have had a man digging half a day to get the pests out of my garden. Do throw them right into the street." Husband. "Why here's the list, *Viburnum opulus*, and the *Symphora racemosa*, and the *Philadelphus coronarius*, and *Syringa vulgaris*, and I'm sure—" Wife. "Pshaw! You've paid away your money for a pretty parcel of Latin names. I don't care what you call them, but they are nothing but our old-fashioned syringas and lilacs, and snowballs, and waxberries." Alas, out of thirty dollars' worth, the poor wife got a few new plants that she might have purchased of an honest florist for two dollars. We are now in the vernal season of auctions.—*Horticulturist.*

PLANT POTATOES EARLY.—Potatoes have often produced well when planted late in June, still the safest way is to plant early. Dry weather often cuts off half the crop, and dry weather is more common late in the season than at any time.

Rich compost should not be put in the hills, for it makes more vines than potatoes, and the vines are more liable to rot. Put a little straw from the cow-yard into each hill on top of the potatoes and bury the whole with a well formed hill—not too high or too flat; and if you plant but few in the hill you may have large potatoes—if you plant a quart you will have quite a mess of small potatoes.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

GRAFTING.—Dr. Lindley lately delivered a lecture on grafting before the Horticulturist Society of London; the following are the conclusions arrived at: 1. A scion will always form a perfect and permanent union with its stock, if both are from the same individual. 2. A scion will generally form a perfect and permanent union with its stock, if one is a mere variety of the other. 3. A durable, but not permanent union, may be effected when one species of a genus is worked on another species. 4. No union, either durable or permanent, can be expected when stock and scion are widely different. 5. Bad workmanship will render any kind of grafting perishable. Grafted plants, then, are not necessarily worse than seedlings.

FORWARDING CUCUMBERS.—Cucumbers may be forwarded some weeks, simply by planting them in the open soil, placing around them, when up, four bricks laid flat ways, and laying over them a pane of glass. The glass may be removed during the day, and replaced at night. The bricks will retain a portion of the heat absorbed during the day time, and this, acting in favorable conjunction with the exclusion of the night air, will tend powerfully to accelerate the development, and produce a vigorous action of the system through it. Melons, squashes, and other vines of a similar description, may be advanced by the same very simple and economical process. Broken glass, from the shops, which will cost nothing, or at most, a mere trifle, will answer for this purpose as well as new, and will last for years. Watering frequently and copiously if the weather be dry, with soap suds or diluted urine, as a stimulant, will be found singularly advantageous. Gypsum and pulverised charcoal should be frequently sprinkled over the vines as soon as they are up.

THICK WIND.—A correspondent desires to know the regimen for a horse troubled with "thick wind." Can any of our friends inform him?

WASTE STEAM.—How many steam engines we have in Philadelphia (some estimate them as high as six hundred, within the limits of the pavements), which are continually throwing away, into the air, an amount of heat and moisture sufficient to supply luxuries to the whole population. By depositing this heat in beds of stone, &c., for night warmth, every owner of a steam-engine might grow his own grapes, pine-apples, &c. Even suppose he had his grapery in the garret of his factory. A few windows in the roof, easily constructed, would give sun and light, and the steam, under control of a valve, could be injected with perfect ease, without costing an additional copper. It might, too, be led by small, inexpensive pipes, to considerable distances, instead of being jetted out into the blue vault of the sky. Some wiseacre has suggested, that by going to the coal mines with plenty of snakes, we could grow grapes, and other forced fruits, with comparatively no expense of fuel. Why not grow them where they are to be sold, close to a market, by using this waste matter, within the reach of everybody who has steam-works near him? The suggestion is most important. I am now treating for the waste steam of a neighbor, to be brought under ground 800 feet.—*Horticulturist.*

A MILITARY FARMER.—Captain B., from small beginnings, became a *rich man*, if his own definition of that phrase be correct, (and I have never seen a better,) viz.: "He is a rich man who is a little better off than his neighbor." Captain B. could give orders as explicit to his hired men as to the militia company over which he presided. And he was fortunate in having Mr. P. a young man who understood the English language, and could toe the mark. It was in the spring of the year; two stout yoke of oxen were hitched to the plough and driven to a part that had become nearly barren by cropping without manure. Mr. P. was placed at the plough, and furnished with a boy as teamster. "Now," says the Captain, "I want you should plough up the dirt that hasn't seen the sun for *four thousand years.*" The orders were fulfilled by letting the plough in *beam* deep. The next order from the Captain was, "*Now dung it to death.*" *Nuf sed.* Mr. P. was as faithful as Jack Tar on board a ship of the line, and, said he, "I watched that piece of land for several years, and it taught me one thing, that is, to plough deep and manure thoroughly."

GAS TAR AND HOW TO USE IT.—A correspondent complains that he cannot get it to dry when used. I have often seen it used for farm implements, &c., and know of its value. If it be used when what it is applied to, be dry, before using, it should be made hot and immediately used. It should never be allowed to come to a boiling state, as this causes it to lose at the least one-half of its value. It is used in the above manner, your correspondent will find it valuable in the preservation of wood or iron. It would do very well if used as a fence paint. It is also good applied to barns, cowsheds or stables when there is any disease among the animals. It is better if used on a bright sunny day.—*Cor. of Country Gentleman.*

Useful Receipts.

TO COLOR THE HAIR BLACK.—Alex. Reed, of Pittsburg, Pa., writes to the *Scientific American* that the following recipe will do it: "Take one part of bay rum, three parts of olive oil, and one part of good brandy, by measure, and wash the hair with this mixture every morning. In a short time the use of it will make the hair a beautiful black, without injuring it in the least."

PICKLES.—An excellent way to make pickles that will keep a year or more, is to drop them into boiling water, but not boil them; let them stay in ten minutes, wipe them dry, and drop into cold spiced vinegar, and they will not need to be put into salt and water, and are always ready for use.

TO TAKE RUST OUT OF STEEL.—Cover the steel with sweet oil, well rubbed on. In forty-eight hours rub with finely-powdered unslacked lime, until the rust disappears.

CLEANING STOVES.—Stove lustre, when mixed with turpentine and applied in the usual manner, is blacker, more glossy and durable than if put on with any other liquid. The turpentine prevents rust, and when put on an old rusty stove, will make it look as well as new. The odor of the turpentine passes off quickly.

A GOOD PLUM PUDDING.—One pound of suet, one do. of sugar, one of bread crumbs, one of flour, one of stoned raisins, six eggs, one glass of brandy, equal parts of milk and water, enough to make a stiff batter; salt and flavor to taste; boil six hours. Eat with any kind of liquid sauce.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD BUTTER.—If the following suggestions will have the effect of improving the butter-making of one family alone, it is worthy of publication. We copy from the *New England Farmer:*

1. Milk should never be set for butter in a dark, damp cellar—as is the case with butter-makers in this section—as the cream is thereby moulded before it has had time to rise, which gives the butter a mouldy taste.

2. The milk should not be allowed to set too long before being skimmed, which gives it a cheesy taste.

3. The cream should not be kept too long before it is churned, as it gives it the taste of the other two, and also a sour taste.

4. The butter should never be washed in water, because it takes away that delicious aroma so essential to good butter.

5. It should never be taken in a person's warm hands, as the heat melts a certain portion of the globules, which gives it an oily taste, and makes it become rancid very soon.

6. The milk should be set in clean tin or earthen pans, in a dry, open, airy and shady place, above ground, if possible, although a cellar may be so built and ventilated as to answer the purpose. It should never set over twenty-four hours in warm weather, and for a dairy of three cows or over, the cream should be churned every morning, and never be kept over forty-eight hours in warm weather; in cold weather it may be kept longer. It should always be about the same heat that the milk is when drawn from the cow, and churned steadily, and I have never known it to fail of coming readily; (we use a cylinder churn) it is then taken from the churn with a wooden butter ladle, into a wooden tray, which has been well scalded and cooled in pure cold water; the salt is then worked in with the ladle to suit the taste, which is easily done with a little practice, and the buttermilk well worked out; it is then set away in a cool place for about twenty-four hours, when it is well worked over again, as long as milk or pickle can be worked out. Butter made in this way, and put down in stone pots, and kept from the air, will keep good for a long time.

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 53 letters.

My 1, 13, 12, 29, 1, 6, 13, 9, 21, 27, 11, 25, 1, 20, 13, 23, was a celebrated American general.
My 7, 2, 37, 9, 44, 33, 30, 32, was a valiant Grecian general.
My 10, 4, 23, 45, 50, 49, 42, 21, was a distinguished Roman general.
My 47, 42, 17, 22, 19, 38, 12, 2, 7, 7, 36, 3, 1, 20, 37, 25, was a renowned British general.
My 43, 9, 28, 37, 7, 26, 19, 20, was the greatest general of modern times.
My 14, 42, 7, 44, 49, 18, 16, 30, 30, 49, 6, 5, was a celebrated Roman general.
My 40, 19, 5, 13, 26, 39, 37, 1, 9, 51, 28, 18, was an American general of the Revolution.
My 29, 4, 7, 44, 23, 18, 52, 24, 13, is a general in the present European war.
My 7, 37, 29, 30, 18, 19, 39, 30, 12, 30, 7, 7, 44, 48, was an unfortunate British general.
My 1, 5, 12, 23, 9, 41, was an American general.
My 1, 18, 28, 30, 21, 16, 40, 2, 17, 37, 39, 36, is a general in the Russian service.
My 30, 11, 6, 26, 17, 7, 44, 42, 25, 23, 40, 8, 16, 2, was a general in the Mexican war.
My 14, 37, 37, 25, 31, 42, 7, 7, 41, 23, 50, 25, was an American general.
My 13, 39, 9, 38, 44, 46, 7, 47, 18, 10, 18, 36, 48, was a general in the Mexican war.
My whole was a celebrated general and statesman.

Lexington, Ky O. L. BRADLEY.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 39 letters.

My 23, 11, 21, 17, $\frac{1}{16}$, is a famous beauty in Mythology.
My 9, 18, 26, is a numeral.
My 31, 2, 36, is a river in Russia.
My 30, 24, 13, 16, is a girl's name.
My 28, 38, 34, 8, 37, is a county in Kentucky.
My 20, 6, 35, 10, is a part of the foot.
My 15, 14, 31, 30, 9, 34, is a river in Oregon.
My 25, 39, 1, 21, is a province of Hindostan.
My 29, 33, 36, is an adverb.
My 13, 28, 35, 15, 8, 4, is a river in England.
My whole is a rule which, if followed, would make us all happy. MINNIE MORDAUNT.

Frankfort.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 43 letters.

My 6, 10, 12, 28, 2, 8, 44, is a county in Connecticut.
My 15, 16, 33, 32, 36, 17, is an island in the Atlantic Ocean.
My 23, 27, 22, 13, 30, 11, 13, is a river in Canada East.
My 36, 41, 14, 5, 15, is a lake in Maine.
My 39, 38, 18, is a mountain in Massachusetts.
My 6, 22, 43, 45, is a city in the state of New York.
My 26, 2, 44, 33, 1, 35, is a village in New Jersey.
My 12, 28, 3, 39, 17, 3, is a village in New York.
My 17, 4, 9, 1, 30, 38, 44, 45, is a county in N. Carolina.
My 27, 17, 31, 34, 7, 44, 19, is a river in South America.
My 24, 36, 38, 32, 21, 27, 16, 34, is a canal in the state of New York.

My whole is the name of an institution of learning, and the place where it is situated. E. G. M.

New York.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Ere Adam was in Eden placed,
Or Eve with winning charms was graced
To captivate his heart;
When order first from chaos sprung,
Ere animated nature sung—
My first then formed a part.

Corval with creation's birth;
Ere form was given to the earth;
When darkness covered all;
Ere Sol had lighted up the day—
Or Cynthia returned his ray,
My second came at call.

In cities everybody knows
The houses stand in long, straight rows,
With buildings crowded back;
Thus blocking out from some the light,—
And making dim the workman's sight—
My whole supplies the lack.

GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an important charge,
That to my whole is given;
My second assists the gallant ship,
When by adverse winds driven.

My third old father Adam did
By his first transgression;
My whole is a tradesman, and he
Does follow an honest profession.

Stationville, Pa. CLINT.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CINROS.

My first is seen abiding
Close side by side his lord—
My next, monks wear when riding,
As history doth record.
My whole denotes the rank and state
Of an English lord and a magistrate

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If 27 be divided by a certain number, and the quotient be augmented by the root of the same number, the result will equal the quotient of 36 divided by the sum of 3 increased by the root of the number. What is the number?

W. P. C.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What must be paid for lining a rectangular cistern with lead, at 30 a pound, the thickness of the lead being such as to require 7 lbs. for each square foot of surface; the inner dimensions of the cistern being as follows, viz: the length 3 feet 2 inches, the breadth 2 feet 8 inches, and the depth 2 feet 6 inches. "LEYDEN"

Centre Hill, Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ When is a farmer like a seamstress? Ans.—When he sows tares (sews tears.)

☞ When is a river like a certain kind of teeth? Ans.—When it is in scissors (incisors.)

☞ When is a fish like a part of a plant? Ans.—When it is a sucker.

☞ Why is a benevolent lady like all others of her sex? Ans.—Because one is a kind woman and the others womankind.

☞ Why are poor punsters like the letter y. Ans.—Because they make a *pun pussy* C. B. J.

Saratoga.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—The heroic John Paul Jones, who first raised on the ocean the flag of the Continental Congress. POETICAL ENIGMA.—John Greenleaf Whittier. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—London Illustrated News. CHARADE.—Hart-horn. CHARADE.—Rainbow. TRANSPOSITION.—Theatre—PROBLEM.—333⅓ feet.

THE PIG AND THE MOCKING-BIRD.—Mr. Gosse, in his "History of the Birds of Jamaica," gives an amusing account of the mocking-bird. The hogs are, it seems, the creatures that give him the most annoyance. They are ordinarily fed upon the inferior oranges, the fruit being shaken down to them in the evening; hence they acquire the habit of resorting to the orange tree to wait for a lucky windfall. The mocking-bird, feeling nettled at the intrusion, flies down and begins pecking away at the hog with all its might. The pig, not understanding the matter, but pleased with the titillation, gently lies down and turns up his broad side to enjoy it. The poor bird gets in an agony of distress, pecks and pecks again, but increases the enjoyment of the luxurious intruder, and is at last compelled to give up in despair.